VIEW OF THE FRANCONIA GLEN

MALLEVILLE.

A FRANCONIA STORY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

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PREFACE

The development of the moral sentiments in the human heart, in early life,—and every thing in fact which relates to the formation of character,—is determined in a far greater degree by sympathy, and by the influence of example, than by formal precepts and didactic instruction. If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring,—welcoming its coming and offering it food,—there arises at once in his own mind, a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power somewhat similar to what in physical philosophy is called *induction.* On the other hand, if the father, instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order tha he may shoot it, the boy will sympathize in that desire, and growing up under such an influence, there will be gradually formed within him, through the mysterious tendency of the youthful heart to vibrate in unison with hearts that are near, a disposition to kill and destroy all helpless beings that come within his power. There

is no need of any formal instruction in either case. Of a thousand children brought up under the former of the above-described influences, nearly every one, when he sees a bird, will wish to go and get crumbs to feed it, while in the latter case, nearly every one will just as certainly look for a stone. Thus the growing up in the right atmosphere, rather than the receiving of the right instruction, is the condition which it is most important to secure, in plans for forming the characters of children.

It is in accordance with this philosophy that these stories, though written mainly with a view to their moral influence on the hearts and dispositions of the readers, contain very little formal exhortation and instruction. They present quiet and peaceful pictures of happy domestic life, portraying generally such conduct, and expressing such sentiments and feelings, as it is desirable to exhibit and express in the presence of children.

The books, however, will be found, perhaps, after all to be useful mainly in entertaining and amusing the youthful readers who may peruse them, as the writing of them has been the amusement and recreation of the author in the intervals of more serious pursuits.

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THE

FRANCONIA STORIES.

ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

MALLEVILLE.	RODOLPHUS.
WALLACE.	ELLEN LINN
MARY ERSKINE.	STUYVESANT
MARY BELL.	CAROLINE.
BEECHNUT.	AGNES

SCENE OF THE STORY

A glen in Franconia at the North, with a spacious residence at the entrance of it, and many farm-houses beyond, up the glen. The time is early in the spring.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

Malleville, a child from New York, sent into the country for her health; six years old.

Wallace, her brother, a collegian, who has come with Malleville to spend his vacation at Franconia.

Mrs. Henry, Malleville's aunt.

Alphonzo, called Phonny, her cousin, nine years old.

Antonio Bianchinette, called by the children Beechnut, for shortness; a French boy from Canada, living at Mrs. Henry's.

Mary Bell, a quiet and gentle girl, living alone with her mother, not far from Mrs. Henry's; eleven years old.

Caroline, an intelligent and accomplished young lady, living in the village; twelve years old.

MALLEVILLE.

Chapter I.

Phonny.

The south platform.

THE ground was white with snow when Malleville arrived at Franconia, and for several days after her arrival there was a cold wind blowing from the north, which made it unsafe for her to go out of doors. At length one evening the wind went down, and the next morning it was so warm and pleasant, that Malleville, on going to the door which led to the south platform, said that it would be summer, if there were not so much snow upon the ground.

"There is no snow upon the platform," said her aunt Henry; "and if you would like it you may go out and sit there a little while." Malleville said that she should like it very much, indeed.

The south platform was a very warm and

sunny place. It was behind the house, so that it can not be seen in the picture at the frontispiece. It looked out upon the garden. Beyond he garden was an orchard, and beyond the orchard there were steep rocks and mountains rising very high. There was a roof over the platform, which was supported by pillars, and steps in front leading down to the yard.

When Malleville said that she should like to go out upon the platform, Mrs. Henry went up stairs and brought down her bonnet, and also her muff and tippet, and put the bonnet and the tippet on. Malleville said that she thought she should not want her muff, it was so warm. She however took it in her hand. Her aunt brought out a pair of woolen moccasins trimmed with fur, and put them upon her feet.

"Oh, what warm moccasins!" said Malleville.

Her aunt then carried out Malleville's arm-chair, and put it upon the platform, in the sunniest corner. Then she came back after Malleville herself.

"Shall I *carry* you out," said she, "or would you rather walk?"

"I believe I will walk," said Malleville. Then after a moment's hesitation she added, "No; on the whole, I should like to have you carry me."

Malleville's dog Franco. Malleville is left upon the platform.

Her aunt then took Malleville up in her arms, and carried her out to the platform, and put her in the chair.

"And now I shall want Franco," said she; "if you will be kind enough to bring him to me Aunty."

Mrs. Henry then went in and got Franco Franco was a small dog, with a fawn-colored body, ears, and tail, and a white face and neck. In fact, excepting in his face and neck, he had very much the color of an African lion; and Phonny, Malleville's cousin, wished to have had him named Lion, on that account. But Malleville preferred to have him named Franco. She had read about a dog named Franco once. in a book. Phonny then said that, on the whole, he did not care much about his being named Lion, after all, for he believed he would turn into a black dog when he grew up; Beechnut had told him so.

When Mrs. Henry had put Franco down upon the platform, he seemed overjoyed to see Malleville, and ran toward her, capering about and wagging his tail, with such a wriggling and twisting all the time, as made it seem to Malleville that he was trying to wag his whole body.

Directions.	Malleville is left.	Franco.

"Must I keep my hands in my muff all the time, Aunty?" said Malleville.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Henry, "not if they are warm enough without. If you find that you are too warm you can loosen your tippet, too, or even throw it off. Then if you begin to feel cool, you can put it on again. All you have to do is to keep yourself just comfortable. When you get tired of staying out here, you can come in; or if you want any thing, you can knock at the window, and I will come out."

Then Mrs. Henry went away and left Malleville and Franco to themselves.

Franco sat down upon the platform before Malleville, and looked up very earnestly into her face.

"Franco!" said Malleville.

Franco replied by rapping with his tail upon the platform. He then sat still, cocking his head to one side like a bird, and looking up into Malleville's face with a very comical expression of countenance.

"Jump up, Franco," said Malleville.

So saying, she patted her lap to signify to Franco that she wished to have him jump up there. Franco accordingly jumped up into her

Malleville's pillow. Franco asleep.

lap; and then she found that there was not quite room both for him and for the muff.

"I'll have my muff for a pillow," said she.

So saying, she put her muff behind her head in the corner; for there was a corner at the place where she was sitting. She leaned her head back against it, and found that it made a very soft and pleasant pillow. She then took Franco up into her lap again. Franco laid his head down upon Malleville's arm, shut his eyes, and began to go to sleep.

MALLEVILLE ON THE PLATFORM.

The garden and the fields were all covered with snow. So were the steep hills and rocks beyond. Malleville looked over the surface of the snow in the garden, to see if she could tel where the paths were; but she could not The snow was too deep. She could only judge where the principal alleys were, by means of the rows of currant bushes, and the peach and pear trees. There was an arbor, too, at one side, covered with a vine, and she supposed that there must be an alley leading to that.

"I shall be glad when the snow is gone," said she, "and then I can walk in that garden."

Then she began to look at Franco again. She liked very much to have him in her lap. She wondered whether he ever would really turn into a black dog, as Beechnut said; and, if so, how he would do it. Perhaps he would change some time in the night, she thought, and she should find him all black in the morning; or perhaps it would happen in the daytime, when she was playing with him, or at least looking at him. Then she began to consider whether she would like him as well if he were a black dog, as she did now. Perhaps she should, she thought, if he was *jet* black and very glossy.

Just then Malleville happened to look over

the garden and orchard to the hillside beyond, and there among the rocks and trees she saw something black moving. It seemed to be coming down over a great patch of snow. She saw pretty soon that it was a boy. He had a pole in his hand.

"I verily believe it is Phonny," said she.

Phonny was her cousin.

Phonny, for it proved to be really he, continued to descend, until at length he came down so low that Malleville could see him very distinctly. He stood up upon a projecting rock and called out to her,

"Mallie! Mallie! come up here."

Malleville could not call out loud enough for Phonny to hear her, so she shook her head and sat still. Franco started up, pricked up his ears, listened, and looked quite excited.

Presently, Malleville heard Phonny calling to her again.

"If you can't come," said he, "wont you ask Wallace to come out and go with me to get our harpoons."

Malleville shook her head.

Phonny waited a few minutes, and then finding that Malleville did not move, he clambered down from the rocks, and pretty soon disap-

peared. He was concealed by the trees of the orchard, and by the back fence of the garden.

Before long, however, Malleville saw him climbing over the fence into the garden; and when he had got over, he came along through the garden upon the snow, which, though deep, was hard, and he could walk upon the top of it.

When he reached the front part of the garden, he climbed over the gate. He could not open the gate, for the lower part of it was buried in the snow.

"Why could not you have asked cousin Wallace to come?" said Phonny.

"O I couldn't very well," said Malleville.

"Well I don't care much, on the whole," said Phonny, "for I should have had to come to get my sled."

Then Phonny, standing back a little in the yard, looked up to a window of the second story and called out to his cousin Wallace. He called several times in a loud voice, but nobody answered.

"I don't believe he is there," said Phonny.

"Yes, he is," said Malleville; "I saw him go up.'

"I'll go up and see," said Phonny.

The window which Phonny was looking at

was a peculiar one. It opened down to the floor; and outside of it, built against the side of the house, there was a sort of balcony with a railing around it. Persons within the chamber could raise the window and step out upon the balcony, and stand there. It was a very pleasant place in pleasant weather. The balcony was supported by two long and slender posts, which extended down to the ground. There were pegs put through these posts, at equal distances, intended to aid the plants and vines in climbing up. Phonny sometimes made use of these pegged posts for ladders, climbing up into his cousin's room by means of them, in preference to going round by the stairs. He determined to do so now.

When he reached the top of the post, and was about to climb over into the balcony, he stopped a moment and looked down upon Malleville; for Malleville was sitting where she could see him, by leaning forward and looking around the corner.

"Why, Phonny!" said she, "you will fall."

"Oh, no!" said Phonny; "I have been up here a hundred times."

So saying, he climbed over the balustrade, opened the window, and went in, and then Mal-

leville could see him no more. She knew, however, that he had gone into her brother Wallace's room.

In a few minutes the window opened, and he appeared again, and came climbing over the balustrade, as if to come down. As he was descending the post, Malleville asked him what Wallace had said.

"He says he is coming out on the balcony to see," answered Phonny.

In a few minutes, Wallace came out. He was a young gentleman much older than Phonny. He had dark auburn hair and dark eyes, and a very intelligent, and, at the same time, a very kind expression of countenance. Malleville thought he was very handsome, but then that was partly because she loved him very much. We are all very much inclined to think that those whom we love are handsome, and that is a reason why all those who wish to be thought handsome, should act in such a manner as to make themselves beloved.

"It is pleasant enough to-day," said Wallace looking up at the sky.

"Oh, yes," said Phonny; "it is a *beautiful* day. I have been up on the rocks there, and the birds are singing. It is as warm as summer.

"Then it *slumps*, I suppose," said Wallace.

"Oh, no," said Phonny; "it does not slump at all. It is not warm enough for that."

To "slump" is to sink suddenly. When the hard snow becomes softened, so that the traveler in walking over it breaks through, either occasionally or at every step, it is said to *slump*. When, on the other hand, the snow has just fallen, and is so soft and light that the feet sink into it at once and easily, this word is not used.

"Well," said Wallace, "I will go. We shall want an axe. Get it and be ready, and I will come down in a few minutes."

So saying, Wallace turned, and was going back into his room.

Just as he was disappearing, Phonny called out to him again, "Cousin Wallace, may I take my sled?" said he.

"Yes," said Wallace.

"And may I ask Beechnut to go with us?"

Wallace hesitated a moment, and then said, "No."

"Malleville, then?" asked Phonny.

"No," said Wallace, shaking his head.

"Franco?" said Phonny.

"Yes," said Wallace; "you may take Franco, if Malleville is willing."

"Well," said Phonny, in a tone of great satisfaction; and he went to get his sled.

In a few minutes he came around to the place where Malleville was sitting, drawing his sled. The axe was tied upon it with a rope.

"Come, Franco," said Phonny.

Franco started up from his sleep, jumped down from Malleville's lap, and ran to Phonny.

"Now Phonny!" said Malleville, in a tone of complaint, "what did you call Franco away from me for?"

"Why, he is going up in the woods with us," said Phonny. "Wallace said he might go."

"No," said Malleville; "Wallace said he might go if I was willing, and I am not willing. I want him to stay with me."

"Oh, no," said Phonny; "let him go with us: and I'll teach him to hunt. I shall see a squirrel, I know, and perhaps a rabbit or a fox, and I'll teach him to hunt them."

"No," said Malleville; "I don't wish to have him learn to hunt."

"And, besides," said Phonny, "I will get you some snow-drops."

"I don't believe there are any snow-drops," said Malleville, despondingly.

"Yes, there are plenty of them, I've no doubt,"

said Phonny. "I saw some green things growing by the rocks, up there where you saw me, and I have no doubt there are plenty of snow-drops away in the woods. I'll bring you down ever so many."

Phonny spoke very fast and very eagerly in saying these things; and Malleville, who was weak and feeble, was tired of arguing with him, though she was still unwilling to have Franco go. She called Franco to her, but he was so much excited by seeing Phonny and the sled, and by the prospect of an expedition, that he would not come. So Malleville laid her head back upon her muff again, in a sort of despair, while Phonny began to draw his sled along, saying as he went away, "I'll bring him back to you in an hour or two, Mallie, and I'll bring you ever so many snow-drops too." He then ran along toward the pasture road, Franco leaping and capering about him, extremely delighted with the idea that he was going somewhere, though he did not know where.

There was a great gate which led from the yard behind the house to the pasture road. This gate was wide open. It was always left open in the winter. Phonny climbed up upon the top of one of the posts and sat there, wait-

Phonny and Franco waiting for Wallace.

ing for Wallace. Franco waited below. He sat down by the side of the sled.

"That's right, Franco," said Phonny; "you watch the sled and the axe, and I'll watch for Wallace."

Franco patted the snow two or three times with his tail, by way of acceptance of the trust committed to him, and began to watch.

CHAPTER II.

BEECHNUT.

MALLEVILLE felt very much disappointed and very sorry to have Franco go away. She was afraid that he would get lost in the woods. After a short time, however, she began to think of other things, and she soon forgot her trouble altogether.

The warm sun shone so pleasantly and cheerfully upon her, and the fresh, spring-like air produced so invigorating an effect as to make her feel quite bright and happy. She took her muff away from the corner, where she had placed it to serve for a pillow, and laid it down upon the platform, by her side, and then she began to sit upright in her chair, without any pillow. Then pretty soon afterward, she took off her tippet and laid it down upon her muff.

"I think I'll take a little walk," said she. So she got up and began to walk along the piazza. As she walked, she talked to herself as follows:—

"What a pleasant day, and how still it is

Hark! I can hear a dropping. I suppose the snow is beginning to melt, or else it is a woodpecker. I should like to see a woodpecker. I wonder if Phonny will see a woodpecker up in the woods to-day. Oh, dear me! I wish Phonny would not take Franco away from me so."

Between the platform where Malleville was walking and the garden, there was a very pleasant little yard, and the sun shone so warm upon this yard that the snow had been entirely melted away from the part next the house, so that Malleville could see the walks and the grass-plots—only the grass was not yet green. Malleville wondered how soon it would be green. She saw that the ground was dry, and so she stepped down and began to walk upon it. She presently saw a plank walk leading along by the side of the yard, and as she was not quite sure that it was right for her to go upon the ground, she went to the plank walk and stepped upon that. Then she concluded that she would walk along upon the planks a little way, they were so warm and sunny.

The plank walk led to the clothes yard. Malleville walked along upon it between some rose and lilac bushes on one side and the side of a shed upon the other, until she came to a

door leading into the shed. The door was shut, but Malleville determined to open it, to see what there was in there. The latch was so high that she could hardly reach it. She however succeeded in getting her forefinger upon the thumb-piece of the latch, and the door opened.

Malleville looked in and saw that the place was a sort of shed. There was no floor, but the ground was covered with fine chips. On the opposite side of the shed from the door where Malleville was looking in, there was a very large double door, which was wide open, so that Malleville could look quite through the shed into another yard beyond.

There were various things in the shed, which for a time strongly attracted Malleville's attention. There was a saw-horse and a pile of wood by the side of it. Malleville wondered where the saw was, and presently she saw it hanging up in its place on the wall of the shed, between the beams. There were various other tools hanging up too, all in good order. In one place there were some straps and harnesses, and two great buffalo skins, suspended from wooden pins.

After Malleville had looked at these things for some time, she thought she heard a sound as if

some one was cutting wood, out in the yard beyond. She listened.

"I wonder who that is cutting wood." said she. "I verily believe it is Beechnut." Then she listened again. As it was however obviously impossible to determine who the wood-cutter was by merely listening to the sound of the axe, Malleville determined to go and see.

She accordingly walked through the shed to the great open door on the other side. She looked out in the direction from which the sounds came. She however could not see who it was that was cutting wood; the great wood-pile was in the way. She knew however that it must be Beechnut, and she wished very much to go where he was. She could not do this however, for the yard between her and the wood-pile, and all that side of the wood-pile which was toward her, was covered with snow, and she thought that she ought not to step upon the snow.

"I'll call him," said she, and she began immediately to call out as loud as she could, which was not however, after all, very loud.

"An-to-ni-o! An-to-ni-o!"

At first Antonio did not hear. The noise which he himself made, by his wood-cutting,

prevented him. Presently, however, the sound of the axe ceased. Antonio was turning over his log to cut upon the other side. Then Malleville called again. Antonio now heard her voice, and he immediately came round by the end of the wood-pile, to see who it was that was calling him.

Antonio was a pretty tall boy, about twelve years of age. He had a round black cap upon his head, with a tassel hanging down upon the side. He had his axe in his hand.

"Ah, Miss Malleville," said Antonio, "I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

"I want to come out where you are," said Malleville.

"Most certainly," said Antonio; "and would you like to walk or ride?"

"Why——ride," said Malleville.

"And in what vehicle?" said Antonio.

"What does that mean?" asked Malleville.

"Why, by what conveyance? Will you ride in a chaise, a sleigh, a carriage, a cart, or a drag?"

Now Antonio, or Beechnut, as the children often called him, was always saying or doing something which they considered funny, and when they were with him, they always expect-

ed to be amused. So Malleville, after hesitating a moment, concluded to say a drag. Besides, she supposed that it would be safer to go over the snow on something flat and low. So she said "on a drag."

"And by what draught?" asked Antonio.

"What does that mean?" asked Malleville.

"Why, how will you be drawn? by oxen, or a horse, or a locomotive, or a bear?" said Antonio.

"Why——by a bear," said Malleville.

"Very well," said Antonio; and saying this he went round behind the end of the wood-pile again and disappeared.

Malleville waited some minutes but he did not return, and she began to wonder what had become of him. At last she heard a noise behind her like the growling of a bear. She looked around, and there she saw Antonio all covered up with a bearskin, and crawling along slowly on his hands and knees, growling as he came.

"Why, Beechnut!" said Malleville.

Beechnut then threw off his bearskin and got up. He then went to the side of the shed and got an old waiter, such as is used at a tea-table. It was worn out and had been rejected from the house, but Beechnut had saved it, thinking that

Malleville is drawn on a drag.

he could perhaps make use of it for some purpose or other. He brought it out now and put it down upon the snow, telling Malleville that that was her drag. He then helped Malleville to seat herself upon it. The waiter was large, so that there was plenty of room for her to sit

MALLEVILLE DRAWN BY A BEAR.

Beechnut next went and got a strap from among the harnesses, and fastened it to the handle of the waiter He then wrapped himself up again in his bear skin, got down upon all-fours, took hold of the end of the strap, and began

The wood-pile. The smooth beech log.

dragging Malleville along over the snow, growling all the time like a bear.

The side of the wood-pile which had been toward Malleville was covered with snow, but the other side was warm and sunny. Beechnut took her around to the sunny side, drew her over the chips to a pleasant corner, where she could lean against a smooth log, and then, throwing the black bearskin upon the wood-pile, returned to his work.

Malleville laid her arm upon the log against which Beechnut had placed her.

"Oh, what a smooth tree!" said she.

It was a beech log, and the bark of the beech is very smooth.

"Beechnut," said she, "I wish you would make me a seat with the bearskin."

"Certainly I will, if you will tell me a story afterward."

"Oh, I can not tell a story," said Malleville.

"Ah, yes," said Beechnut; "just a little story to amuse me at my work."

While saying this, Beechnut was beginning to make Malleville's seat. He put a little board down near the end of the beech log, supporting it upon two sticks, so as to make a little bench. He then spread the bearskin over the seat and

Beechnut makes Malleville a seat.

log, in such a manner as to make a sort of cushion, very soft and warm. Malleville could lean and rest upon the log, as if it were the arm of a sofa. In fact, as the log was covered and concealed by a part of the bearskin, nobody could know that it was *not* the arm of a sofa.

When the seat was finished, Malleville sat down upon it, and leaned her head back among the higher logs of the wood-pile, with her muff for a pillow. Then Beechnut returned to his work.

In a few minutes, during which Malleville had been musing in silence, or singing to herself a little song, Beechnut had got his log cut off, and he turned around and asked her how she liked her seat.

"Very much, indeed," said Malleville. "It makes me a very good sofa, only the bearskin is pretty black and shaggy. But, Beechnut, I wish that you would go in and ask my aunt Henry if I may come out here."

"Why, you are out here already," said Beechnut.

"I know it," said Malleville; "but I am afraid my aunt Henry will not like to have me come."

"Yes, she will," said Beechnut, "I am sure. It is a very safe place; for, you see, I turn my wood so that the chips all fly the other way"

But Malleville was very uneasy about having come away so far from the platform where her aunt had placed her, and she finally persuaded Beechnut to go in and obtain her aunt's sanction to the proceeding. While Beechnut was in the house, he went down into the cellar, and obtained a large and beautiful apple, which he intended to have given to Malleville when he came back; he however put the apple in his pocket, and when he returned to where she was sitting, he forgot it.

When he resumed his work, he began to split open the logs which he had cut, by means of a beetle and wedges, talking all the time to Malleville in a very amusing manner, telling her stories and making her laugh continually Sometimes he would come and sit down by her a few minutes, and talk with her, or hold dialogues with imaginary squirrels or bears under the wood-pile, or sing songs. His songs consisted generally of old French tunes, which he had learned in France when he was a child, sung to words which he had made up in English, while he was singing, to amuse Malleville.

Beechnut made Malleville a doll, too, while he was sitting there by the wood-pile. He made it of the branch of a tree which had two

little branches, which he cut off for arms, and two others which answered for legs.

At last Malleville asked him to tell her another story. So Beechnut began as follows:—

THE STORY OF GOLGORONDO.

"ONCE there was a giant," said Beechnut, "a great ugly giant, with a terrible face and a large black club. He lived in a den."

"But I don't want to hear such a story as that," said Malleville; "I don't like to hear about giants, it frightens me so much."

"Oh, this story won't frighten you. This was a good giant."

"But you said he was ugly," replied Malleville.

"He *looked* ugly," said Beechnut, "that was all. I said he looked ugly."

"What was his name?" asked Malleville.

"His name," said Beechnut, "his name—why his name was—Golgorondo."

"I don't believe he was good," said Malleville, shaking her head doubtfully.

"He was, truly," said Beechnut, turning round and looking at Malleville very earnestly. "He was a very good giant, indeed."

"Then what did he want of that great black club?" said Malleville.

"Why, it only looked like a club. It was hollow, and there was something inside. He could unscrew the handle, and draw it out like a sword out of a sword-cane."

"What was it, inside?" asked Malleville.

"It was a long and beautiful feather."

"Did this giant live in France?" asked Malleville.

The reason why Malleville supposed that Golgorondo lived in France was because Beechnut came from France, and a great many of the stories which he told, related to that country.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "he lived in France among the Pyrenees."

"Are there any giants in France now?" asked Malleville.

"No," said Beechnut, "the emperor killed them all at Waterloo."

"I'm glad of that," said Malleville.

"One day old Golgorondo was sitting at the mouth of his den, sick of a fever and very thirsty. A boy came along with a red cap on his head. 'Red Cap, Red Cap,' said Golgorondo, 'I'm feverish and thirsty; I wish you would take this mug and go down to the spring and

bring me a mug of cool water.' 'I can't go now very well,' said Red Cap. 'I want to go and play.' 'Very well, run along,' said Golgorondo.

"Presently a girl came by, with a green ribbon on her bonnet. 'Green Ribbon, Green Ribbon,' said Golgorondo, 'I'm feverish and thirsty; take this mug and go down to the spring, and get me a drink of good cool water.' 'I'm afraid of you,' said Green Ribbon, 'you look so ugly. I'm going to run away.' 'Well, run along,' said Golgorondo.

Pretty soon after that, another boy came by, with a blue cap on his head. 'Blue Cap, Blue Cap,' said Golgorondo, 'I'm feverish and thirsty; take this mug and go down to the spring and bring me a drink of good cool water 'Yes,' said Blue Cap, 'I will.' So Blue Cap took the mug and went down to the spring, and brought the giant back a mug full of water. When he had drank it all, Blue Cap asked him if he wanted any more. 'One mug full more,' said Golgorondo. So Blue Cap went down and brought up one mug full more. Then Golgorondo said, 'Now I shall get well to-night; come and see me to-morrow, and I will reward

you for going to the spring and bringing me the mugs of water.'"

GOLGORONDO.

"And did he get well?" asked Malleville.

"Yes, and the next day Blue Cap came again"

"And what did the giant give him?"

"A magic bowl," said Beechnut, "a magic silver bowl. He went into his den, and unlocked an iron door, built into the rocks, in the side of his den. It opened into a sort of cupboard, or closet, which was full of treasures. He took out a beautiful silver bowl. It had a sort of

saucer under it, and a cover upon the top, and it was ornamented on all sides with beautiful figures, cut in the silver. The knob of the cover which was used as a handle for taking the cover off, was the figure of a beautiful dog, and a little below, upon the side of the cover, was the figure of a hunter and a hare. The giant told him that the charm of the bowl was in the hunter and the hare, and that by means of the bowl he could have any thing that he wanted, that was good to eat, provided that he was a good poet. The way was to shut up the bowl and take it in his lap, and then say something about the hunter and the hare, for one line, and make up another to rhyme with it, asking for whatever he wanted. For example, he might say,

'Silver huntsman hunting the hare,
Open your goblet and give me a pear.'

And then, on opening the bowl, he would find the pear within."

"And would he truly?" asked Mallevile.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "according to the story. For Blue Cap took the bowl, put it in his lap and said,

'Silver hunter, silver hare,
Give me, if you please, a pear.'"

"Why he altered the poetry," said Malleville.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "he did not remember it exactly, but the giant said that that was of no consequence, so long as his lines made good poetry. Blue Cap opened the bowl, as soon as he had repeated the lines, and there he found inside, a large, ripe, mellow, and juicy pear. All this time the giant was sitting by the side of his den."

"I should like such a bowl as that," said Malleville.

"Blue Cap ate his pear and then he wanted another; so he put on the cover of the bowl and said again: 'Silver hunter, silver hare, I want a sweet and juicy pear,' and then he opened the bowl, but there was nothing in it. 'That won't do,' said Golgorondo. 'The same poetry will not answer twice, the same day; you must make some new lines.' So Blue Cap thought a minute, and then he said,

'Silver hunter, silver hare,
Bring me an apple and a pear.'"

"And did he get an apple and a pear?" asked Malleville.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "only the pear was not quite so large as the other one. Blue Cap put the apple and the pear in his pocket, and

thanked the giant for his bowl. He liked it very much. He then went away, carrying the bowl under his arm. When he got home, he showed his bowl to his sister, and they tried to make some new lines, but they found it very hard. At last they thought of this:

'Silver hunter, climbing high,
Give me a piece of apple-pie.'"

"And did they get a piece of apple-pie?" asked Malleville.

"A whole one," said Beechnut; "there was a whole pie, as large as would go into the bowl, with beautiful figures of dogs, horses and huntsmen on the crust."

"Oh, what a good bowl," said Malleville. "I wish I had such a bowl. Is that story true, Beechnut?" said Malleville, after musing a little.

"True," said Beechnut; "it is true as—my axe handle."

"Is your axe handle pretty true?" asked Malleville.

"Not very," said Beechnut.

What is the matter with it?" asked Malleville.

"Oh, it has got a *set*, somehow or other, to one side."

Malleville sat musing a few minutes, wondering what that could mean, and then giving up the attempt to understand it, she said,

"But is that story really and veritably true? I don't believe there could be any such bowl."

"Do you wish that you had one like it?" said Beechnut.

"Yes," said Malleville; "for the first thing, I would have me a good large apple to roast."

"Why I've got magic enough to get you an apple to roast," said Beechnut.

So he came to the place where Malleville was sitting, and kneeled down. "I'll get you an apple," said he, "from under this log." So he covered over the end of the log with the bearskin, very carefully, and then directed Malleville to put her two fingers together upon her knee, and to watch them carefully, while he spoke the magic words.

So Malleville watched her fingers very closely, while Beechnut repeated these lines, in a measured way, half singing and half speaking.

"Under the end of the beechnut tree,
Malleville, Malleville, peep and see.
One for you and none for me.
Bobalink, bobalink, pee-dee-dee."

Then he lifted up the bearskin a little, and let Malleville peep in, and there she saw a fine large russet apple lying on the chips. Malleville put her hand through the opening which Beechnut made, and took the apple out.

Beechnut told her that she must not eat the apple, but must keep it to roast, when she went into the house.

Pretty soon after this, Malleville began to get up, saying that it was time for her to go in. The truth was, she wanted to roast her apple.

Beechnut then said that he was very much obliged to her for giving him her company so long, and that the next time she came out to see him, he would make her something.

"What will you make me?" asked Malleville.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said Beechnut. "I will make you a horse or a see saw, whichever you prefer."

"Well," said Malleville, speaking in a tone of great satisfaction.

Beechnut then took Malleville up in his arms, and carried her across the snow, back to the shed. She said that she did not wish to go on the drag again. Beechnut put her down at the shed door, and Malleville walked through the

shed to the other yard, and thence along the planks to the platform, talking to herself by the way, as follows:—

"I don't believe the story was true. I don't believe there could be such a bowl. Silver hunter, silver rabbit, bobalink, bobalink, pee-dee-dee. Silver hunter, silver pear. Malleville, Malleville, look and see, under the end of the beechnut tree."

Saying and singing these words, Malleville opened the door and went into the house.

Malleville was right in supposing that the story was not true. Beechnut had invented it at the time to amuse her; and in respect to the apple under the beechnut log, it was the one which he had had in his pocket, and he contrived to reach his arm back into the wood-pile, while Malleville was watching the ends of her fingers so intently, and drop it through a crevice, so that it would roll down to the place where Malleville found it, under the projecting end of the log.

That night Malleville began to tell Phonny the story of the Golgorondo and the bowl, as they were going up stairs to bed. They stopped at the head of the stairs to finish the story, and sat down upon the highest step. She re-

lated all the incidents of the story, but she could not remember the poetry very well. She said that the first line was silver huntsman, silver rabbit, but she could not remember the rest.

Phonny said he guessed it was this—

"Silver huntsman, silver rabbit,
Give me an apple and I'll grab it."

The children laughed loud and long at the drollery of this conjectural versification, and then went to their rooms.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXCURSION ON THE SNOW.

WHILE Malleville was playing about the yards and listening to Beechnut's stories, as described in the last chapter, Wallace and Phonny had been prosecuting their enterprise up the pasture road and meeting with various adventures by the way. The road which they took led from the yard behind the house, up through a wild ravine to the pasture, and it was called accordingly the pasture road. The commencement of it may be seen in the frontispiece, winding around the foot of the precipice to the left of the house, near the center of the picture. The pasture consisted of an extensive region of valleys and hills, which contained an endless variety of sylvan scenery. There were groves, thickets, and glens, with green grassy slopes on the hillsides, and swamps covered with a dense growth of forest trees in the dells. There were also steep mountainous declivities feathered with dark evergreens from bottom to top, and rocky precipices and summits rising here and there,

Secluded region. Its verdure in summer. Snows in winter.

giving a sort of wild sublimity to the scene. In the summer all was verdant and beautiful in this secluded region, but now, though the foliage of the evergreens in the glens and on the mountain sides seemed darker and more dense than ever, the branches of the deciduous trees were bare, and the ground was almost every where covered with one vast sheet of consolidated snow. Although this snow was two or three feet deep, it was so hard in the mornings before the sun had softened it that one could walk upon it as upon a floor.

Wallace and Phonny were going into the woods to obtain some long poles to make what Phonny called harpoons. Each pole was to have an iron spike driven into one end of it, a flat ring having been previously driven upon the wood at the end, to prevent its splitting. These harpoons thus completed were intended to be used upon the pier, at the bank of the river, to draw in the logs, and planks, and trunks of trees, and other things which might come floating down the stream in the spring freshets, after the ice should have gone away.

The pier where Phonny used to stand to harpoon the logs which came floating by, may be seen in the frontispiece; it is on the right of the

picture. There was a curve in the river above the mouth of the brook, as may be seen by following with the eye the direction of the beach from the left hand side of the picture along the shore to the great flat stone near the mouth of the brook. In consequence of this bend in the shore the current of the stream was thrown across upon the other bank, so that whatever came floating down was generally borne over near to the pier, where Phonny, when watching for driftwood, stood ready to pierce it with his harpoon.

Sometimes the water rose so high as to cover the pier entirely, and in very high freshets it would flow back almost to the foot of the great oak-tree, which may be seen in the picture, standing not far from the gate leading down to the river. In such cases as this Phonny would stand upon the land at the edge of the water, sometimes under the tree, and at others farther down the river toward the right, wherever he saw the logs and driftwood coming. When they came within his reach he would strike his long harpoon into them and draw them to the shore. The waters subsiding would leave them there, and then he and Beechnut would cut them up and have them hauled to the house for fire-

The harpoons. The old ones broken. Wallace's plans.

wood, and in the evenings he would build bonfires of the brush and chips that remained.

At the time of which we are speaking in this story the river was covered with ice, which was solid and immovable from shore to shore. There were roads upon it, on which teams used to pass up and down, and patches of smooth and glassy surface here and there, where the boys from the village were accustomed to come to slide, and skate, and play. The harpoons could of course not be used until the ice went away, but Phonny was very earnest to have them ready. Those which he had the year before were broken, and besides, he wanted longer ones than he had then, for he had grown a great deal larger and stronger since the preceding spring. He had saved the spikes and the rings belonging to the old harpoons, and was intending to use them again in making the new ones.

Wallace had never been in Franconia in the spring and had never witnessed this kind of fishing for floating planks, and logs. He had heard Phonny's description however of the amusement, and he had promised to go with him to obtain some new poles. He determined to get one for himself too, as he thought that harpooning the floating timber would afford

good exercise and recreation for him, as well as amusement for Phonny.

The party, accordingly, consisting of Wallace, Phonny, and the dog, went along the pasture road from the gate behind the house where Phonny and Franco had waited for Wallace, and then, after passing around the foot of the precipice they went on ascending the valley on the other side, until they came to a pair of bars. These bars were at the entrance of the pasture. The bars were out, as they usually are in all farms in the winter, since at that season of the year the horses and cows are in the barn, and then of course the out-door inclosures of a farm are of no use. The bars were long and slender poles, and after having been taken out they had been placed against the fence, the small ends of the bars resting upon the top of the fence, and the larger ends running down under the snow to the ground. Phonny thought that such bars as these would do for harpoons, but Wallace said they were altogether too large and heavy. Phonny tried to pull one of them out to see, but the lower end was held so hard by the frozen snow that he could not do it.

While he was pulling upon the bars, Wal

lace walked steadily on up the path. On one side was a steep bank, on the other a deep and somber-looking ravine, filled with evergreen trees, some of which were so far down in the valley, that the tops of them were below where Wallace was walking. There was a large brook in the bottom of the ravine; but it was so far below, and was so hidden by the trees, and now besides so covered with ice and snow, that Wallace could not see it. He could, however, hear the sound of the water running over the rocks, the air was so calm and still. Wallace was very much pleased with the beauties of the spring morning and with the wild scenery around him, and he walked quietly along, observing them and musing; but Phonny continually interrupted him, by calling out to him from behind.

"O, Wallace! Wallace!" said he at one time, "here's a bee upon the snow."

Wallace turned around and walked backward for a step or two, but he did not stop.

"Wallace," said Phonny next, "here is a tree that will make a good pole for us."

"No," said Wallace, continuing at the same to walk along.

The fact was that Phonny had fallen behind

and he wished to have Wallace wait for him. Finally, when he found that he could not induce him to stop by these indirect means, he called out aloud again,

"Wallace, I wish you would wait a minute for me."

So Wallace turned out to one side of the road, and sat down upon a stone. Phonny came up presently, pulling his sled as he came, and out of breath with his exertion.

"You should not get so much behind," said Wallace.

"Why, you walk so fast," said Phonny, "I can't keep up."

"On the contrary," replied Wallace, "I walk very slowly, only I continue steadily advancing, while you are all the time making diversions to the right and left. You must go on more steadily, and save your strength for cutting the poles. Now, shall we go on?"

"Yes," said Phonny; "but I wish that you would *draw* me a little way on the sled."

"When we get to the top of the hill," said Wallace.

In fact, they were very near the top of the ascent then, and they came upon a broad and level expanse, which was at that season one

The sled runs easily on the snow. Franco learns to ride.

great field of hardened snow. Phonny got upon the sled, and took Franco on before him. Wallace then took hold of the rope and walked along upon the snow, drawing the sled after him.

"Why, how smoothly the sled runs this morning," said Wallace.

"Does it?" said Phonny.

"Yes," replied Wallace; "I should not know that any one was upon it."

So saying, Wallace dropped one finger after another from its hold upon the rope, until only the little finger was left, and he found that he could draw the sled with that finger alone. Phonny was surprised at this, and presently he wished to see whether he could not draw Wallace. So Wallace took his seat upon the sled, and Phonny drew him for some distance. At length he got tired, and stopped, and Wallace began to walk again.

Phonny then concluded to teach Franco to ride. So he put him upon the sled, and in a very stern and commanding voice ordered him to sit still. But Franco jumped off the moment that Phonny's hands were removed from him.

"Wallace," said Phonny, "please be so good

Franco runs away. Wallace takes his book. Phonny falls behind.

as to hold Franco on the sled a minute—just till I get him a-going."

So Wallace came and held Franco in his place, quieting him at the same time with soothing words, while Phonny took up the string of the sled and began slowly to draw it along.

"Carefully," said Wallace.

Phonny moved along very carefully. Franco seemed somewhat astonished, and looked this way and that, but he remained in his place, seemingly because he was afraid to jump off, while the sled was in motion. At last, however, the sled came to an uneven place in the snow, which jolted it a little, and then Franco jumped off and ran away. Phonny dropped the string and ran after him to bring him back.

Phonny then made several other attempts to keep Franco on the sled, until he could get it in motion, while Wallace in the mean time was walking on. He had taken a book out of his pocket, and was going slowly along, reading by the way. Phonny, who, though he was a well-disposed and good-natured boy, had very little discretion, began to call to Wallace again, to make him wait until he should overtake him.

He calls again to Wallace. Wallace stops. His remonstrance.

"Wallace, see! see! he is riding now."

"Very well," said Wallace; still, however, not raising his eyes from his book.

"There! he is off! Just wait one minute, Wallace, while I put him on once more."

Wallace walked a little more slowly, but he continued to advance, reading as before.

At length Wallace came to the end of the level field, and there the land began to descend in the direction in which they were going. It descended for a little distance, and then began to rise again; though at the place where it began to rise, by turning off to the right, one might go down a long distance back in the direction from which the party had come. Wallace stopped at the top of this descent, until Phonny came up.

"Phonny," said he, "you trouble me a great deal by getting behind, and then continually calling upon me to keep me back. Now, here is a chance for you to get well before me, by sliding down this hill; then you can keep before me going up the hill beyond; and you must amuse yourself without calling upon me, unless it is for something really necessary. If you get behind again, I can not wait for you, but will go on to the upper woods, and when you get

there you will find me by the sound of my axe."

"But I have got the axe," said Phonny, "tied to my sled."

"True," said Wallace. "Then call and I will answer."

"I don't mean to get behind again," said Phonny.

So he sat down upon his sled, with his feet out before him to steer, and calling Franco to come to him, he pulled him upon the sled before him, and began to slide. When he got to the bottom of the first slope, where he should have stopped his sled, and then have gone on up the ascent beyond, the continued descent to the right looked so tempting that he thought he would go on. He let his sled, therefore, gradually turn down the hill. It went gracefully along, gliding over the swelling inequalities of the way, and turning to one side and another, as the various slopes of the surface inclined it, until at last it came to the end of the descent, where, going slower and slower along the level surface, it finally stopped.

Phonny thought it a most delightful slide, and he looked back to see whether Wallace was admiring it too. Wallace had by this time got

down the first slope, and was slowly walking up the ascent beyond. Phonny jumped off from his sled, and began to run back up the hill, drawing his sled after him, and calling Franco to follow him.

Wallace was now at a considerable distance in advance, and he was often concealed from view by the rocks, or by the little groups of evergreen trees that came in the way. Phonny hurried along, anxious to overtake him. He was afraid that he should not be able to find him after he should have got into the woods While he was pressing forward in this eager manner, all at once Franco stopped following him, and began to run around hither and thither, and to bark and howl in a very extraordinary manner. Presently he ran into a little cluster of bushes, where he crouched down under a stone, trembling and whining, and appearing to be very much distressed. Phonny thought that he was running mad, or else that he was going to have a fit.

Phonny ran out to a little elevation, where he could see Wallace walking up the hill at a considerable distance. He was reading his book as before. Phonny called to him, but Wallace, though he heard him, paid no atten-

tion, but walked steadily on. Phonny called again louder than before. But Wallace was tired of being called upon from behind, so frequently. Besides, he had given Phonny fair notice, that if he fell behind again, he must make the best of his way alone, and not expect his cousin to stop for him any more. So Wallace went on, and paid no heed to Phonny's calling.

Phonny was greatly troubled and distressed, and did not know what to do. He was afraid to take up Franco and bring him along, for he thought it very probable that he was running mad. He was very unwilling to leave him; and then he was equally unwilling to stay by him and let Wallace go on. Wallace would get so far into the woods, he thought, that he should not be able to find him. He began, in fact, to be quite frightened.

At length, finding that the emergency was such as to admit of no more delay, but that something must be done immediately, he made a desperate effort to summon resolution and courage, and ran to the rock under which Franco was crouching, seized him in his arms and began to bring him away. He ran along with him a few steps, and then finding it very incon-

venient to carry the dog and draw his sled, he put the dog down, hoping that now he would go along with him of his own accord. But Franco acted very strangely. He crouched down at Phonny's feet, and seemed to be either in great pain or else in great terror. He, however, went on with Phonny a few steps farther, and then just as they were passing through a little copse of bushes, he seemed to be attacked by a new paroxysm, more violent than the other. He barked, howled, and whined in the most frightful and distressing manner. He ran about this way and that, as if he were distracted. Presently he fled, as if for refuge, under the roots of an old tree which had been overturned by the wind. There was quite a cavity between these roots and the ground, and into this cavity Franco plunged and disappeared, and became immediately silent. Phonny listened a few minutes and heard nothing more. He thought Franco was dying, but he did not dare to go and see.

He immediately determined to abandon him and to make the best of his way to Wallace; and then to ask Wallace to come back and see what was the matter. Wallace was now out of sight. Phonny pressed forward, however,

up the hill, in the direction in which he had gone. After ascending for some time, he came in sight of what appeared to be a man sitting upon a stone on the top of a little hill, where the ground was bare. He soon perceived that it was Wallace waiting for him. He toiled up the hill as fast as he could, drawing the sled behind him. Just before he reached the place where Wallace was sitting, Wallace said to him,

"See, Phonny, I have discovered an island."

"An island?" said Phonny, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes," said Wallace. "Here is a grassy mound, rising up out of the snow, and I call it an island. It is an island with two trees on it and a rock."

"I wish you would come back with me," said Phonny, "and see what is the matter with Franco."

"Why, what seems to be the matter with him?" asked Wallace.

"I expect he is mad," answered Phonny. Phonny then proceeded to describe the occurrence as well as he could, and the strange manner in which Franco had acted. He had gone finally, Phonny said, and hid under the roots

of a tree. Phonny concluded by asking Wallace to go and see what was the matter with him.

"Come," said he.

But Wallace sat still, musing. He seemed to be considering what it was best for him to do.

"Do you think he is mad or not?" asked Phonny.

"I think he is not," said Wallace.

"Then why will you not go and help me get him?"

"Because," said Wallace, "I do not *know* that he is not mad."

"What are the signs of being mad?" asked Phonny.

"I don't know," replied Wallace. "I know very little about dogs, and I should not like to have one, if I was a boy."

"*I* like dogs very much," said Phonny.

"So do I," said Wallace.

"But you just said that you did not like them," replied Phonny.

"No," said Wallace, "I said that I should not like to *have* one."

"That's just the same thing," said Phonny, "and I think it is a contradiction."

"No," said Wallace. "I like the *character* of the dog very much. He is sagacious, affectionate, faithful, and true. But I should not like to have one, for fear that some time or other he might run mad. Then whenever he was sick, or if he acted in an unusual manner, I should be imagining that he was going to be mad, and so should be always uneasy."

"But there is very little danger of a dog's getting mad," said Phonny, "very little indeed."

"That is true," said Wallace; "being bit by a mad dog is a very rare accident, I admit,—but then it is such an awful calamity when it does occur, that I am afraid to incur any risk of it."

"Well, what do you think is the matter with Franco now," asked Phonny.

"I presume he was frightened at something."

"No," said Phonny, "there was nothing to frighten him."

"Perhaps he is sick, then," said Wallace.

"Yes," said Phonny, "I think he is sick. I wish you would go with me and get him."

"No," said Wallace, "we will let him remain where he is for the present, and will go up in the woods and get our poles. Then when we

They arrive at the swamp. Various kinds of trees.

come down, I will go and see if I can find him. If it is sickness, perhaps he will be better then."

"Or perhaps he will be dead," said Phonny.

"Yes," replied Wallace, "perhaps he will be dead. I hope he will be."

"Oh, Wallace!" said Phonny.

Wallace did not reply to this exclamation but rose from his seat and went on toward the place where they were to cut the poles. They descended a ravine and came at length to a sort of swamp or morass, where a great many small and slender firs and spruces were growing. The place was a swamp in the summer but now the ground was covered with snow, and this snow was so hard that Wallace and Phonny could walk upon it, as well as they could upon the most solid field.

Evergreen trees, like firs, spruces, and pines, furnish the most suitable wood for such poles as Wallace and Phonny were in pursuit of, for two reasons. One is, that they grow very straight, while maples, beeches, oaks, and other hard wood trees, as they are called, are always more or less crooked. The other reason is, that the wood of the evergreen trees is light, while that of the hard-wood trees is heavy. The wood of the latter class of trees is strong

Trees suitable for poles. Trees in forests.

too, as well as heavy, so that it is much more suitable for some purposes than the soft wood of the evergreens. But for Phonny's harpoon-poles, lightness and straightness were the qualities most required.

It is also necessary, in order to get suitable wood for such poles, to find young trees that are very tall and slender, and such as have few branches along the main stem. For this reason it is necessary to go into woods or swamps, where the trees grow in great numbers and very close together. Trees that grow singly in the midst of an open field are always comparatively short and low, and they throw out a great quantity of branches and foliage on every side While those that grow in dense masses in the forests form tall, straight, and slender stems, with only a small tuft of branches and leaves at the top.

Wallace had accordingly led the way into a swamp in the upper woods, for there was a spot there, in which the small firs and pines grew very thick together, and were consequently very slender and tall. Wallace began to look about among these trees in silence, to find one suitable for his purpose. Phonny began to look about too, though not in silence, for he called

out continually: "Here's one, Wallace, straight as an arrow;" and "Oh, look here, Wallace, look at this one;" and "Here's a beautiful one, Wallace, unless it is too big." Wallace went to see two or three of those that Phonny first called his attention to, but he found them all unsuitable. Some appeared straight as seen from the point where Phonny stood to look at them, but on moving round a little way, so as to obtain a different view of them, they were very evidently crooked. Others were too short, others too large.

At length Wallace got tired of going to examine Phonny's discoveries, which always resulted in nothing. "You ought to examine them more carefully yourself," said he, "before you call me, and so satisfy yourself first. It is useless for me to come just to show you that a pole is crooked, when you have got eyes of your own, to see that it is so. Don't call me again until you have examined the pole in all its points, and are fully satisfied that it is a good one."

"What are the points?" asked Phonny.

"It must be not more than two inches and a half through at the ground, nor less than one inch where it is to be cut off at the top. It

must be about three times as tall as you can reach, and it must have but few branches except at the very top. Then it must be pretty nearly straight, whichever side you look at it.'

After looking about for some time Wallace found three poles, and Phonny one, which answered very well. They cut them all down, and then trimmed off the tops and the branches. They then lashed them, together with the axe, firmly upon the sled, and then began to move toward home.

They stopped on the way to find Franco, but he could not be found. They looked under the root of the great tree where Phonny said he had fled, but he was not there. Wallace said he did not know what more to do, and so they left the place and went on toward home.

Phonny was very much troubled at the loss of Franco, but Wallace thought it probable that the dog had gone down home, and that they should find him there on their arrival; or at least that he would come home some time that day. He endeavored therefore to divert Phonny's mind by talking with him and amusing him in various ways. He would slide down the slopes of snow, taking Phonny upon the sled before him. At one time they came swiftly

down a hill at a place where there were thickets of trees and shrubbery at the bottom, and Phonny was very much afraid of running into them. He called out aloud,

"Oh, Wallace! Wallace! you are running against the woods!"

But Wallace knew that the sled was fully under his command, for he could press his heels into the snow and stop it at any moment. So he went on until he reached the bottom of the hill and then stopped suddenly by means of his heels

THE END OF THE SLIDE.

Rabbit discovered. Phonny's pursuit of him. Return toward home.

Phonny saw a rabbit which had been frightened out of the thicket, by their approach to it. He was thrown into a state of great excitement at this sight, and called out to Wallace to look at the rabbit, and then he ran after him as fast as he could run. He soon came back, however, without having been able to overtake him.

"How I wish that Franco had been here," said he. "What a pity it is that he got lost before I saw that rabbit! How unlucky!"

"How fortunate!" said Wallace to himself—though he said nothing aloud.

As Phonny came in sight of the house, on his return from the woods, which he did at the turn of the road under the foot of the precipice, as seen in the picture, the thought of Franco returned, and the pleasure which he had felt in having been so successful in obtaining poles, was almost wholly displaced by feelings of uneasiness and anxiety, at the thoughts of what Malleville would say when she found that Franco was lost. He then recollected too that he had promised to bring Malleville some snowdrops, and he had not once thought of looking for any.

Phonny determines to go back for snow-drops.

"There!" said he, stopping suddenly; "I must go back, after all."

"What for?" asked Wallace.

Phonny was drawing the sled, and Wallace was walking a little before him. Phonny stopped, but Wallace continued to walk on.

"To get some snow-drops," said Phonny. "I promised Malleville some snow-drops."

"Oh there *are* no snow-drops," said Wallace. "There will not be any for a fortnight."

"Yes," said Phonny; "I think I can find some—if you will only go with me—Wallace."

But Wallace had advanced so far, that he did not hear very well what Phonny said.

So he called out louder, "Wallace!"

Wallace turned round, but continued to move on, walking backward.

"Can you not go back into the woods with me to get some snow-drops?"

"No," said Wallace, "my play-time has expired."

"Well, *I* must go," said Phonny, "for I promised them to Malleville."

"Very well," said Wallace; so saying he turned round and walked on as before.

"He is going to his studies," said Phonny, in a tone of contempt. "He is always a-studying.

I would not be in college and have to study so much, if the books were all of gold. Besides, it is vacation."

Phonny stood a moment in the middle of the road, with a countenance expressive of disappointment and vexation, and then he concluded that he would leave his sled with the poles and axe upon it there, and go back and try to find Malleville some snow-drops. He would probably not have been so anxious to fulfil his promise, if he had not felt uneasy at having lost the dog. He wanted the snow-drops as a sort of peace-offering.

He accordingly drew his sled out to one side of the road, that it might not be in danger if any horses or oxen should chance to come along, and began to go back up the hill. But as soon as he was once more round behind the precipice, so as to be out of sight of the house, it began to seem very lonesome and solitary for him to go back up the glen alone. He thought of Franco too, and imagined that he might be mad, and if so, that he might bite him. He thought it very likely, in fact, that Franco was at that moment tearing about the woods, foaming at the mouth, and biting all the little trees.

Phonny's reflections. He climbs up upon the rocks.

"Then besides," said Phonny, talking to himself, "I am too tired to go away up into the woods again; and I don't think that I should find any snow-drops either, if I should go. Wallace says that there are not any, and he knows. But perhaps there are some up among these rocks. I mean to climb up and see."

So saying, he turned off from the road toward the right, and began to climb up among the rocks. This was near the precipice where the pasture road turns, as seen in the frontispiece. It was very sunny and pleasant in one spot, where the snow had almost melted off. Phonny sat down there, and began to throw little stones down into the road. After amusing himself there for some time, he found a small stone which was quite transparent and brilliant; he called it a diamond, and determined to carry it home and give it to Malleville instead of the snow-drops. He also found some green moss, which was growing in a little sunny nook. He pulled up a small specimen of that. He was sure that Malleville would like the diamond stone and the moss together, better than the snow-drops, and so he climbed down from the rocks again, and began to go toward home.

As he approached the house, he looked about upon all the platforms and balconies, not as usual in *hope* of seeing Malleville, but in fear of seeing her. He was afraid, in fact, to meet her, though he hoped that Wallace had told her that Franco was lost, so that she should not learn the tidings first from him.

But Malleville was not to be seen. In fact she was asleep. They always put her into her crib and let her go to sleep in the middle of the day. This was partly because she was so young, and partly because her health was so feeble

CHAPTER IV.

DEBATES ABOUT FRANCO.

PHONNY did not see Malleville again that day, until the middle of the afternoon. He himself had a lesson to study every day after dinner, in Wallace's room. He was required to spend an hour at this lesson. Wallace had an hour-glass, which was set in a square frame, so that it would lie upon its side without rolling. Phonny was accustomed to study by this hour-glass. When he was actually ready to begin, he would set up the hour-glass upon one end, so as to let the sand begin to run. If it became necessary for him to interrupt his studies to go away for any purpose, or even to speak to Wallace, on any account whatever, he was first to turn the hour-glass down upon its side so as to stop the running of the sand. And then it was only after having returned to his seat and actually recommenced his studies, that he was allowed to turn up the hour-glass again. This was a plan which Wallace devised to prevent

Phonny from coming to him frequently to interrupt him with frivolous questions.

Phonny, while at these studies, was accustomed to sit at a table by himself, near one of the front windows of the room. Wallace sat in what he called his *alcove*, which was a sort of recess with a curtain before it, by the side of the fire-place. This alcove will presently be more particularly described.

Phonny went to Wallace's room, as usual, after dinner, on the day of the excursion into the woods, and commenced his work; but thoughts of Franco came continually into his mind and interfered very seriously with his studies. At last he turned the hour-glass down, as a preliminary to speaking to Wallace, and then said,

"Cousin Wallace, I wish I had sent Beechnut up after Franco when we came down. He could have found him, perhaps."

"Yes," said Wallace, "that would have been a very good plan."

"May I go now and ask him to go?" said Phonny.

"Yes," said Wallace, "but you must leave the hour-glass down."

Phonny accordingly went away to find

Beechnut. When he had found him he gave him an account of Franco's strange conduct in the pasture. He related the story in a very eager and earnest manner, and closed his narrative by saying he had no doubt that Franco had run mad in the woods, and asking Beechnut if he would not go and see what had become of him.

Beechnut listened with great attention till Phonny had finished his account, and then exclaimed—

"Mad? nonsense! He smelled a fox, that was all."

"A fox!" repeated Phonny.

"Yes," replied Beechnut, "or some other such animal. He is so young that it is very probable that it was the first time he ever smelled a wild animal, and he did not know what to make of it. Whereabout is he? I'll go and get him."

Phonny described the place where Franco had hid under the tree, but he said that he and Wallace had looked there, when they came down, but that he was not there.

"Oh, he is somewhere about there," said Beechnut, "I've no doubt. I'll get the snow-shoes and go and see."

"You don't need the snow-shoes," said Phonny; "the snow is very hard."

"It was hard this morning," replied Beechnut, "but it is very soft now."

This was very true. The warm sun had been beating upon the snow all day, and had softened it so effectually, that Beechnut would have sunk to his armpits in some places, if he had attempted to go over it.

Snow-shoes are a contrivance to prevent people from sinking in soft snow. They are large and flat, and are shaped like the sides of a pair of bellows. They are made very light, of some kind of basket work, or of woven thongs, with a margin formed of some flexible wood like a hoop. They are intended to lie down flat upon the snow, for the person using them to step upon. They are so large and flat that they can not sink far into the snow, and so they bear the person up, when he steps upon them. There is a little strap near the center of each snow-shoe, and the person who uses them slips the toe of his boot or shoe under this strap, and so when he takes up his foot, he lifts the snow-shoe too, and moves it along, and plants it in a new place. Thus he moves along in a shuffling sort of gait, which is very

inconvenient and troublesome, but it is far better than to sink down at every step, two or three feet into the snow.

Beechnut came back very soon with his snow-shoes under his arm, and began to go along up the pasture way. Of course it was not necessary to put on the snow-shoes until he should reach the deep snow. For a very considerable part of the way either the ground was bare, or else there was a sort of road, where the snow was trodden hard. He went on, therefore, in this manner, with his snow-shoes under his arm, around the precipice. Phonny watched him from a window. He wished very much to go with him, but that he knew could not be, for it was his hour for study. The sand had not yet half run out.

He stood on the platform a few minutes, irresolutely, when there suddenly appeared to view one of the village boys, named Arthur, who was one of Beechnut's particular friends. He asked where Beechnut was. Phonny told him the story. Arthur seemed to become very much excited on hearing it, and could hardly wait for Phonny to get through, he seemed so eager to go after him.

"Which way was he to go," said he, "after he got into the pasture?"

"Why, after you come to the great pine-tree," said Phonny, "you turn down by ——"

"Never mind," said Arthur; "I can *track* him." So saying, he sprang away, and ran up the pasture road as fast as he could go, and very soon disappeared, as Beechnut himself had done. Phonny then went back to his lessons.

He resumed his work, and turned up his hour-glass; and after having been pretty diligently employed for about a quarter of an hour, his attention was arrested by hearing some one softly opening the door. He looked up and saw Malleville coming in. He wished to avoid speaking to her about the dog, so he looked down upon his books again, and appeared to be very busily engaged at his studies.

Malleville came to the table where he was sitting, and stood there a moment, expecting that he would turn the hour-glass down and speak to her, as he usually did on such occasions. But Phonny just looked at her a moment with a slight smile of recognition, and then looked down upon his book again, and went on studying harder than ever.

Malleville finding that he did not seem dis-

posed to put down the hour-glass, and knowing very well that she must not speak to him while it was up, concluded to lay it down herself; so she began to take hold of it for this purpose. Phonny put out his hand to prevent her, looking down, however, immediately upon his book and studying away with the utmost diligence all the time.

"I want to speak to you," said Malleville. She said this in a very low and gentle voice, so as not to disturb Wallace, who was also studying in his alcove. This alcove, as has already been said, was a sort of recess, between the fireplace and the wall, where Wallace was accustomed to study. There was a window in the recess, and room for a short sofa, a table, some book-shelves, and a pair of steps made to stand upon to get the books. There was a double curtain before the alcove; it opened in the center, and could be hung up half on one side and half on the other. The rule of the alcove was this: When the curtains were both down, nobody could go into the alcove or speak a word anywhere in the room. When the curtain on one side was down, and on the other side up, then Malleville or Phonny could come into the alcove, and sit upon the steps and read

the books from the book-shelves, which they liked very much to do; but they were forbidden to speak a word either to Wallace or to one another. When both sides of the curtain were up, they were allowed to talk gently to one another, and even to speak to Wallace, if they had any particular occasion for speaking, but they must not interrupt him unnecessarily.

Both sides of the curtain were now up, so that Malleville knew that she might speak to Phonny, if she spoke in a low tone. So when she found that Phonny would not allow her to put the hour-glass down she said,

"I want to speak to you."

Phonny did not reply, except by shaking his head slightly, pointing at the same time to the hour-glass, and going on with his studies as before.

Malleville began to look very much troubled and distressed; she turned toward Wallace. She seemed to hesitate a moment, and then moved toward the alcove. She was evidently going to appeal to him.

Phonny then put the glass down, and said, "Here Malleville, come back, you may speak to me if you wish to."

"I want to know where Franco is," said Malleville.

"Why—Franco," said Phonny. "He did not come home with us," said Phonny. "He thought he would stay up there a little while But Beechnut has gone up to get him. And I brought you down a beautiful diamond stone and some moss; I hid them under the platform. I will go and get them just as quick as my sand is run out."

So saying, Phonny put his hand upon the hour-glass and was going to set it up again.

"No," said Malleville, in a very mournful tone, "I don't want the diamond stone. I want Franco!"

"Well, Beechnut has gone for him, and I expect him back every minute," replied Phonny; "if you go down on the platform and look up the garden road, I dare say you will see him coming now."

"But what did you leave him up there for?' asked Malleville.

"Why, you see he smelled a fox, and I suppose he stayed up there to catch him. Very likely he has caught him and killed him by this time. If he has, Beechnut will bring them both down, Franco and the fox together."

"I don't believe he has killed any fox," replied Malleville despondingly. "More likely the fox has killed him." So saying, she turned and went away in great sorrow.

Phonny would not on any account have uttered a deliberate falsehood, but he very often made misrepresentations such as these. It would have been much better if he had gone to Malleville as soon as possible after returning from the woods, and told her honestly that he was afraid that Franco was lost, and then related to her all the circumstances. If he had done this, at the same time expressing his readiness to make her all the reparation which was in his power, as soon as it was ascertained that Franco was really gone, he would have done his duty. It is far better and more noble in such cases as this to act in an upright and honest manner, than to resort to a system of concealment and evasion.

Phonny attempted to resume his studies when Malleville went away, but he was so anxious and uneasy that he found it very difficult to command his thoughts. He was continually laying down his hour-glass and going to the window, to see whether Beechnut was not coming down the pasture road, so that the sands ran

Phonny makes a visit to Wallace's alcove.

out very slowly. At length however they were all gone, and he shut up his books and put them away.

He walked toward Wallace's alcove, and standing there at the end of the table, he leaned upon it with his arms crossed, waiting for Wallace to speak to him. At length Wallace laid down his pen and said,

"Well, Phonny."

WALLACE'S ALCOVE.

"Do you think that Beechnut will find Franco?" said Phonny.

"I don't know," said Wallace. "I know nothing about dogs. I know something, however, about justice and right, and I should think that instead of exercising your ingenuity to put Malleville off with excuses and evasions, you ought to be trying to devise means for making her some reparation, for having lost her dog."

"How can I make her reparation?" asked Phonny.

"I don't know," said Wallace; "that is for you to consider."

"I might buy her another dog," said Phonny.

"Can you get another?"

'Yes," said Phonny. "There is another just like Franco at the same place."

"Have you got any money to buy him with?"

"Yes," said Phonny.

"How much money have you got?" asked Wallace.

"I have got four dollars, and half a dollar, and three quarters, and a ninepence; and besides that Beechnut owes me two cents."

The coin which in Philadelphia is called a *levy*, and in New York a *shilling*, was called in Franconia, as it is in Boston, a *ninepence*.

After having said this there was a pause

Presently Wallace took up his pen, as if he were going to writing again.

"Have n't you any thing more to say?" asked Phonny.

"No," said Wallace, "I believe not."

So Phonny rose from his leaning posture, turned around and went away.

Beechnut did not come back that night until nearly dark, and then he came without Franco. He said that he found the tree with the roots torn up, and the very place under it where Franco had hid, but that Franco himself was not there. They however tracked him for some distance on the snow, but at last they lost his track upon a patch of bare ground, and though they wandered about a long time, and examined the surface of the snow in every direction, they could find no signs either of the track or of Franco.

Phonny then told Malleville that he was very sorry that he had lost her dog, and that he would take the half-dollar that was among his money, and go the next day and buy her another, and that she might go too, if his mother would let Beechnut go with them in the sleigh. His mother consented, and so it was arranged

that they were to set out on the following morning.

Malleville thought at first that she should not like any other dog so well as Franco,—but then he pleasure of going in the sleigh to buy him, would make amends for the difference.

It was after all this business was thus satisfactorily arranged, that Malleville told Phonny the story of the silver bowl, while they were going up stairs to bed, as is related in the last chapter, and when Phonny made her laugh so heartily by saying,

> "Silver huntsman, silver rabbit,
> Give me an apple and I'll grab it."

It is an excellent plan, when there are young children in a family, for the father or mother, or an older brother or sister, to go into their room at night after they have gone to bed, and talk to them, or read to them, a few minutes before they go to sleep,—making comments upon the transactions of the day, or giving them good counsel and advice. The minds of the children are at such an hour unoccupied and at rest. They like very much to receive such visits at that time. The darkness and stillness of the night, and the approach of the

Mrs. Henry's custom. The recesses where the children slept.

hour of repose, have a tendency to calm and quiet their minds, and dispose them to reflection, and make them more than usually susceptible to good impressions. Mrs. Henry generally went to see Phonny and Malleville in this way, in order to have ten minutes' conversation with them before they went to sleep. The interview was always closed by a short religious exercise.

On the evening of the day in which Franco was lost, Mrs. Henry went to see the children as usual, after they had gone to bed. Phonny and Malleville slept in two recesses which opened from the same room. Near the partition between the recesses, in the room, there was a small table with a Bible and a lamp upon it. There was a large and comfortable arm-chair near this table. Mrs. Henry,—or Wallace, for sometimes Wallace came instead of Mrs. Henry,—used to sit in this arm-chair to read and talk, and thus both the children could hear her. The beds were so placed also, in the recesses, that both the children could see as well as hear the person, whoever it might be, that was sitting at the little table.

"First," said Mrs. Henry, after she had taken her seat, "I will read you three verses from the

Bible; Genesis, thirteenth chapter, seventh, eighth, and ninth verses"

So she read as follows:—

"And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle:

"And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren.

"Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

"The reason why there was a strife," said Mrs. Henry, "was that Abram and Lot had immense herds of cattle, and the herdsmen found scarcely food enough for them as they wandered about. Abram's herdsmen and Lot's herdsmen, both wished to get the best places, that is, those in which there was the greatest abundance of green grass, and where there were brooks of cool water."

The light from Mrs. Henry's lamp shone into both the recesses where the children were ly-

Malleville and Phonny in their beds. A good example.

ing, and Mrs. Henry could see them both, as she raised her eyes from the book to give the explanation. Malleville lay very quietly with the back of her hand upon the pillow and her cheek upon the palm. Phonny raised his head up suddenly while Mrs. Henry was speaking, and remained in that position, leaning upon his elbow, and looking earnestly at his mother.

"But, mother," said he, "why did not they each of them turn their cattle into their own pasture?"

"They had no separate pastures," replied Mrs. Henry, "the land was all open and common, and Abram and Lot were wandering about, all over the country, driving their flocks and herds before them wherever they could find the greenest grass. Now observe what a noble spirit Abram displayed. He would not contend. 'Take your choice,' he says to Lot. 'If you will go to the left hand I will go to the right. If you prefer the right then I will go to the left.' How generous and noble a spirit this displayed,—instead of saying, as many persons would have done in such a case: 'I have as good a right to the left or to the right,' whichever might have been the best, 'as you have.'

"That is the spirit," continued Mrs. Henry

"which children ought to manifest in dealing with each other. They must bear and forbear. Younger children, and girls, always have to suffer more or less of injustice from older ones and from boys, and they ought to learn to show in such cases the patient and forbearing spirit which Abram evinced in this instance."

"Mother, I don't think that boys are *always* unjust to girls. I am not unjust to Malleville Am I, Malleville?"

Malleville seemed to be trying to think, but she did not answer.

"You are unjust sometimes. All older children are sometimes unjust to those younger than themselves. They get eagerly engaged in the pursuit of their own objects, and overlook the rights and the happiness of others. Some children are more unjust and selfish than others, but all are unjust and selfish in some degree. A child that should grow up to maturity without ever, either through inadvertency or otherwise, encroaching on the rights of others, would be a most astonishing phenomenon. He would be something more than human.

"I don't think I am unjust," said Phonny. "I am sure I am not."

"Sometimes;" said Mrs. Henry. "You

have been unjust to Malleville to-day, in respect to Franco."

"Why, mother," said Phonny, "I do not think that I was to blame for losing Franco in the woods. I did all I possibly could to get him to come back with me."

"I don't think," replied his mother, "that you were to blame for *losing* him in the woods; it was for taking him up into the woods at all."

"Why, Wallace gave me leave to take him," said Phonny.

"If Malleville was willing," said Mrs. Henry.

"Well," replied Phonny, "Malleville *was* willing; I asked her."

"And did she say yes?"

"Why, no," said Phonny; "but she did not say I must *not* take him. I supposed that she was willing."

"And did Wallace say that you might take him, unless Malleville said that you must not."

"No, not exactly," replied Phonny; "he said if she was willing."

"And do you really think that she was willing?" said Mrs. Henry.

"Why—I don't know," said Phonny, hesitatingly.

"I think she was not willing," said Mrs.

Henry; "and thus you acted wrong in taking Franco without her full and free consent. You took him away from her, because she had not strength enough to resist; you overpowered her."

"Oh, mother!" said Phonny, "she did not *try* to resist."

"I do not mean by outward force," said Mrs. Henry, "but by remonstrances and expressions of unwillingness, which were all the means of resistance at her command. These you overpowered by your eagerness and urgency. It is true, this eagerness and urgency took the form of arguments and promises, but it was not in that character that they exerted any influence. Malleville gave up at last, because you were so impetuous and urgent, and she could not express her desire to keep Franco at home decidedly enough to oppose your importunity. Was not it so, Malleville?"

Malleville did not answer. Mrs. Henry looked toward her, and found that she was fast asleep.

Phonny then admitted, himself, that it was so. He said that he was very sorry that he had taken the dog away without Malleville's con-

sent; and he was very glad that he had determined to buy her another dog.

His mother then heard Phonny repeat his evening prayer, and afterward, bidding him good night, she took up the lamp from the table and went away.

CHAPTER V.

THE PALANQUIN.

WHENEVER Beechnut had any thing to do for or with the children, he always contrived to do it in some very odd or curious way, that sometimes amused them, and sometimes excited their astonishment and wonder, but always gave them pleasure. With all his drollery, however, he was a boy of excellent good sense, and he never adopted any plan that was at all dangerous, or that would occasion Mrs Henry any uneasiness or trouble. She had learned, therefore, to place great confidence in him, and accordingly she generally allowed him to take his own course in every thing that he had to do. His way usually gratified the children much more than the ordinary mode of proceeding, and it always came out just as well in the end.

On this occasion, accordingly, when Malleville asked Beechnut, after breakfast, what sleigh he was going to use for them to ride in, in going after the new dog, he replied that he

Beechnut proposes the horse sled for the vehicle.

was not going to take them in any sleigh; he was going to haul them on a horse sled.

Phonny was delighted at this idea, and even Malleville was very much pleased at first; but on a little reflection, she began to feel uneasy, lest, in attempting to ride upon a horse sled, she should fall through between the bars. She said there was not any *floor* to the horse sled.

"I'll make a floor," said Beechnut; "and not only a floor, but a carpet; and not only a carpet, but a sofa; and not only a sofa, but a canopy. Come out into the barn and see."

So Phonny and Malleville went along through the shed toward the barn, following Beechnut, who led the way. When they got into the barn, they found the sled standing in its place in a certain compartment, where all the farming vehicles were kept. Beechnut went into a shop which was near, and brought out two very wide boards, first bringing one, and then going back to get the other. These boards were just as long as the sled, and so wide that, when laid upon it, they covered it completely between the stakes. They were boards which had been made and were kept expressly for this purpose.

"There," said Beechnut, "there is your floor."

"Yes," said Malleville, "that is a good floor."

Then Beechnut went up into a loft, by means of a ladder, and threw down five bundles of straw. Each one was tied up by a wisp of straw around the middle of it. He placed these bundles upon the sled around the sides of it, close to the stakes. Two were placed on each side, which made four, and the fifth was put across the end behind.

"There!" said Beechnut, "there are your sofas."

"I don't like the sofas very well," said Malleville.

"Wait a little," said Beechnut. He then went into another part of the barn and brought out three or four buffalo robes, which he then proceeded to spread down upon the floor of the sled, in such a manner that they extended out each side far enough to go down over the bundles of straw, and to be tucked under them on the outside as blankets are tucked under a bed. In this manner the straw was concealed from view entirely, and the sled itself presented a very inviting looking surface of soft buffalo robes, hollow toward the center, like a nest.

"There," said Beechnut, "there are your carpets and your sofa coverings all in one."

"*Now* I like it very much," said Malleville; "let me get in."

"Stop a moment," said Beechnut, "until I put the bearskin in for you to sit upon."

So he brought the bearskin and spread it down upon the sled, over the buffalos, so as to make a comfortable seat for Malleville.

"There," said he, when he had done this; "it is all ready now."

Phonny and Malleville accordingly tumbled into the nest which Beechnut had made for them, and began trying the various positions in which they could sit and lie in it—finding apparently each position more agreeable than those they had tried before. They were in great glee. While they were enjoying themselves in this way, Beechnut continued at work.

He went into the shop again and presently returned, bringing with him three narrow strips of board about five feet long. He brought one of them to the sled, and placed it across from one stake to another, marking a place near each end opposite to where the stake came. By this means, the distance from one stake to another, at the top, was marked upon the board.

He then went into the shop and with an

auger or some other boring tool, he bored holes at the places which he had marked. These holes were to receive the ends of the stakes. Beechnut bored similar holes near the ends of the other strips of board, and then brought them all back to the sled and began to put them across from one stake to another, inserting the tops of the stakes into the holes. The tops of the stakes were pointed a little, so that they would enter the holes, but not go in very far; and thus the boards would go down over them only a little way. These strips passing thus across at the top from one stake to another, formed a set of rafters, as it were, or in other words a frame for a roof.

"What are you going to do?" asked Phonny.

"You will see," replied Beechnut.

The children did in fact see very soon; for when Beechnut had finished placing his rafters, he went into the stable and brought a new, clean, and handsome horse-blanket, which he proceeded to spread over the roof that he had framed for a canopy. He tied the blanket to the tops of the posts, by means of pieces of twine, in order that the wind might not blow it away.

"There," said Beechnut, "we will call it our Palanquin."

The sled being thus ready, Beechnut harnessed the horse into it and then drove it around to the door. He brought out a box for himself to sit upon in front, to drive, and a basket with a cloth tied over it, which was apparently for the purpose of bringing the new dog safely home. When all was thus ready, and Phonny and Malleville were in their places, and they were about to set off, Mrs. Henry came to the door to see.

Just before they set out, Phonny said that the

THE PALANQUIN

Hand sled drawn behind. The shady road. Snow.

basket was in his way. Beechnut then told him that in order to remedy that difficulty, he might if he chose take his hand sled along with him, drawing it behind, with the basket upon it. Phonny was very much pleased with this plan. He went and got his hand sled, and put the basket upon it. There were stakes to the hand-sled which prevented the basket from falling off. He fastened the rope of the sled to one of the stakes of the horse sled and then they all set off together.

The house to which they were going was a farm-house situated a mile or two from Mr. Henry's, up the glen. It may be seen in the distance near the middle of the picture in the frontispiece to this volume. There were two roads leading to it, one of which was under the north side of a hill. This road had been so sheltered from the sun that the snow had not melted away from it. At this season of the year, the roads were generally bare in those places which were much exposed to the sun. Beechnut was aware of this, and he therefore took the shady road.

Malleville said that she liked to ride upon the sled very much indeed, only she was afraid that it was not very safe.

Safety of the palanquin. Cool air. Malleville covers her head.

"Why not?" asked Beechnut.

"I don't know," said Malleville—"it seems so low."

"It's being so low," said Beechnut, "makes it all the safer. The only danger at this time of the year is of upsetting in going along the old drifts. But a horse sled is so low that it cannot possibly upset. That was one reason why I formed this plan."

It had been very sunny and pleasant at the door when the party set out, but as soon as they passed around the hill and had fairly entered the glen, it began to be a little cool, and Malleville said that she was going to cover up her head in the bearskin to keep herself warm, and that Phonny must tell her of every thing he saw.

"Well," said Phonny, "I will."

So Malleville lay down with her head upon the sort of bolster which was made by the bundle of straw at the side of the sled, and covered her head. Phonny began to describe to her what he saw as follows:—

"Now we are going along the road, with rocks, and a high hill, and a great many firs and pines, upon one side, and woods upon the other. I can see down among the trees to a deep val-

ley. Oh, here is a monstrous great log! Now we have got by it. And down there is a great black stump, that looks like a bear standing up upon his hind legs."

Here Malleville raised her head, and peeped out a little to see the stump. She did not think it looked much like a bear, so she covered her head up again.

"Now, I think," continued Phonny, "that we are coming to the mill. Yes, I begin to see the mill. You need not look out to see, for you can hear the water roaring. I can see the big wheel going round and round."

Malleville was very desirous to see the wheel, so she sat up again and looked out. She looked at the mill a long time with great interest. It was a saw-mill, and there were a great many logs all about the yard. As soon as the sled got opposite to the other side of the mill, she could see an open place in it, where there was a monstrous saw going up and down in the most rapid and violent manner, sawing a log.

"I don't see what makes the saw go up and down so fast," said Malleville.

"Why, it is the water," replied Phonny; "I know all about it."

"No." said Malleville; "for the water goes *down* all the time."

"And the saw goes down too," said Phonny.

"Only half of the time," rejoined Malleville. "It goes down, and then it goes *up*."

"It is the water, I am sure," said Phonny; "for I have been in a saw-mill, and I know all about it."

"How is it, then," asked Malleville, "that when the water is all the time going down, it can make the saw go down and then up?"

"Why—I know," said Phonny, hesitatingly; "it is by the machinery, Malleville—the machinery."

Older students in science and philosophy than Malleville, when inquiring into the nature of a phenomenon, are often obliged to take from teachers a learned word in lieu of an explanation.

The sled had now gone past the mill, and so Malleville lay down again, and Phonny resumed his description.

"Now we are going down a winding road through the woods. Now I can see the mill-pond through the trees. Pretty soon we shall come to the corner."

The corner which Phonny referred to was a

point where two roads came together. There was a school-house built here, for the use of the children that lived about the mill and up the glen. There was a road too at the corner, which turned off very near the school-house and crossed a bridge. This was the road which led to the farmer's where they were going for the dog.

"Now, I can begin to see the school-house," continued Phonny. "I can see some of the children sitting at the windows. They are looking at our sled."

"Where? let me see," said Malleville. So saying, she sat upright again, threw back the bearskin, and began to look at the children in the window of the school-house.

Beechnut drove rapidly onward, and turning a corner just before he came to the school-house, he went down toward the mill-stream. This mill-stream came from a great distance up the glen, and emptied at last into the river at the place where the boat-house was built, as may be seen in the frontispiece. The bridge which the party was to cross was a mile up the glen, and half a mile above the mill—not in sight, of course, in the picture. As the sled turned away from the school-house, Malleville

put her head down again, and Phonny went on with his description.

"Now we are coming down to the bridge I can see the mill-pond, only it is all covered with ice and snow. I see a man off toward the mill driving a yoke of oxen down. He is going upon the ice. I verily believe the oxen will break through."

"Let me see," said Malleville, eagerly looking up.

Malleville watched the man for some time, while Beechnut drove slowly up the hill beyond the bridge. The oxen walked at their ease over the surface of the ice, which was as firm as the solid ground. They were drawing an immense log, which was going to be sawed at the mill. Presently they were lost to the view. Malleville, however, now found that they were drawing pretty near to the farmer's house, so she continued to sit up, and looked about as they rode along.

Beechnut drove up to the house, and turned into a spacious yard, which was surrounded with sheds and barns. There was a young man in the yard yoking up a pair of oxen. He was going to haul some wood. He had attached the yoke to the neck of one of the oxen,

and was just bringing up the other, when the party upon the sled came in. He was so surprised at the sight, that he left the yoke as it was, with one end upon the neck of the ox, and the other end upon the ground, and stood still in mute astonishment. Presently he began to laugh, and leaving the oxen and the yoke to themselves, he came to see.

"Beechnut! what *have* you got here?" he exclaimed.

"This is our palanquin," said Beechnut.

"Yes," said Phonny; "and we have come to buy Tom. Will you sell him to us for half a dollar?"

"Why, what have you done with Franco?" asked the young man.

"We have lost him," said Phonny. "He ran off somewhere in the woods. He got mad, or saw a fox, or something. I expect he saw a fox and went to catch him. Will you sell us Tom?"

"Why, I don't know that we can spare Tom," said the young man, in a doubtful sort of tone. So saying, he began to whistle and chirp, and to call "Tom, Tom, Tom. Here, Tom." He called very loud and rapidly. But Tom did not come.

"He is somewhere about the yard," said the young man; "look around for him, Phonny, and you will find him.'

"I will," said Phonny. "Come, Malleville, go with me."

In the mean time, while this conversation had been going on, Beechnut had been fastening the horse to a post, and he now walked away with the young man, while Phonny and Malleville went to see if they could find Tom. They first went into the barn. They looked into the tie-up;—there were several cows lying there upon the straw, but no Tom. Then they looked into the stable. There were horses in the stalls, and Malleville was afraid to go in.

"Oh there is no danger," said Phonny.

"Yes," said Malleville, "they are kicking horses, I know. They are kicking now."

"No," said Phonny, "they are only stamping." So saying, he walked directly into the stall by the side of one of the horses, by way of showing Malleville that there was no danger.

But this, instead of quieting Malleville's fears, only distressed her the more. She said nothing, however, but turned around and walked directly away toward the open part of the barn—a

part which the farmers generally call the "barn floor."

Phonny followed her, and passing through this part of the barn they came at length to a place where there were several doors.

"Let's open this door," said Phonny, "and see if he is not in here."

So he took hold of the latch, while Malleville stood by him timidly, with her hands behind her, waiting to look in.

He opened the door, and they both looked in They saw a very small room with a sort of pen in it, and in the pen were two lambs. The lambs began to frisk about when they saw Phonny and Malleville, thinking perhaps that it was somebody coming to let them out.

"Oh, what pretty lambs," said Malleville. "I wish I had a lamb."

"Would you rather have a lamb than a dog?" asked Phonny.

"Why——I don't know," said Malleville She spoke very slowly and hesitatingly, as if she were thinking. The truth was that she would rather have Franco back again than any lamb, but she would prefer a lamb rather than any other dog.

"*I* should rather have Tom," said Phonny.

"But I'd rather have a lamb," said Malleville, "unless I could have Franco."

"But Tom is exactly like Franco," said Phonny, "exactly. You would not know the difference There *isn't* any difference in fact."

So saying, Phonny began to turn toward the door again, to go out. He did not wish that Malleville should get interested in having a lamb, for he, being a boy, naturally liked a dog better. His reasoning, however, did not satisfy Malleville. Though there might be no difference in outward appearance between Franco and Tom, there was still a great difference in reality. Franco knew her, loved her, would come when she called him, and obey her orders. Tom, on the other hand, would be a stranger. She could not at once transfer her fondness for the one to the other, just because they looked alike.

Phonny opened another door presently, and found that it led to a sort of room with nothing in it but some great chests. These chests contained grain and provender for the horses. The children went through this room and came out into a pleasant yard beyond, but could find nothing of Tom.

There was a girl walking across this yard

Tom found at last on the front steps.

carrying a basket of chips into the house Phonny accosted her, and asked her if she knew where Tom was.

"Yes," said she. "He is sunning himself upon the front steps; or *was*, a few minutes ago.'

Hearing this, Phonny and Malleville ran around to the front part of the house, passing through a little gate which led from the side yard to the front yard. There they found Tom lying at his ease, upon a great flat stone step. He lifted up his head and pricked up his ears when he saw the children, but he did not move.

"Ah, Tom, Tom," said Phonny, "why did you not come when we called you, you rogue?"

"He is not obedient," said Malleville. "I don't like him."

"Oh you can make him obedient. You can teach him," replied Phonny.

So saying, Phonny advanced toward Tom, and called him. Tom got up, but he did not seem much inclined to come. Phonny walked backward, calling him incessantly with "Tom! Tom! Here, Tom," and many chirpings and whistlings, while Malleville walked behind and attempted to drive him by putting down her little foot with an air of authority and saying "Go along, Tom. You must go along."

Tom is purchased;—and secured in the basket.

In this manner they succeeded at length in getting him around into the yard where they had left Beechnut and the young man. Here after some farther conversation they succeeded in completing the purchase. They gave the farmer's son the half-dollar, and put Tom in the basket. He was very unwilling to go in, and very eager to jump out when he was in. Beechnut prevented this, however, by tying a cloth over the top of the basket. They put the basket back upon Phonny's sled, took seats themselves in the palanquin, as Beechnut called it, and then turned the horse round, and rode away. Malleville was not satisfied with having Tom instead of Franco, but she was of too gentle and submissive a spirit to complain.

Tom in the basket. The ride behind. Phonny watches him.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANCO FOUND.

IT was quite warm and pleasant, coming home, and Malleville sat up under the canopy, looking about. She watched the dog, or rather the basket which contained the dog, for some minutes. Tom struggled a little from time to time, as if he were trying to get out; but when he found that it was of no avail, he seemed to become quiet. He was so still that Phonny said he verily believed that he was asleep. He drew in the cord by which the hand sled was fastened to the palanquin, so as to pull the hand sled up very near to them. Phonny was going to pull open the cloth a little and peep in to see what Tom was doing, but Malleville persuaded him not to do it, lest he should wake him. So Phonny let the string of the sled out again gradually, and the sled fell back into its place, like a boat towed behind a vessel.

Malleville was very much interested in looking at the wild and romantic scenery of the glen. She had been accustomed to city life in

The scenery in the glen. Boy driving steers.

New York, where her father and mother lived and every thing looked strange and wonderful to her in this wild and wintry valley. The picturesque precipices, the dark groves of firs and pines, the smooth and white expanse in the bottom of the valley, which Phonny told her was the mill-pond, covered with ice and snow, the long winding road track upon the ice, with here and there a horse and sleigh, or a team of oxen drawing a loaded sled, moving slowly upon it, the school-house seen at a distance across the bridge, and the bridge itself, with a little snowy dell instead of a stream of water beneath it,—all attracted her attention and interested her very much.

At last, just before reaching the bridge, they overtook a small boy, driving a pair of steers, that is, very young oxen. The steers were drawing a drag, which had a barrel fastened to it. The boy drove his steers out to one side of the road, when he saw the palanquin coming, so as to make room for Beechnut to pass by him. When he was fairly out of the way, he stopped the steers, and stood leaning upon them and looking at the palanquin with a countenance of great curiosity and wonder. As it came up opposite to him, and he saw Beechnut

Phonny asks about the sap. Mode of tapping.

and Phonny, his countenance relaxed into a smile. He nodded to Phonny. Phonny nodded to him.

"Hye, Andrew," said Phonny, "does it *run* well to-day?"

"First-rate," said Andrew.

By this time the palanquin had got by, but Malleville looked around and could see Andrew bringing his steers back into the road again as they rode rapidly on.

"Does *what* run well?" asked Malleville.

"The sap," said Phonny. "The sap from the sugar trees."

Phonny then explained to Malleville that there was a kind of tree which had sweet sap, and the people in that part of the country were accustomed to bore holes in such trees and drive in hollow plugs, and put buckets on the ground, under the ends of the plugs. The sap then which oozed from the trees, would run out through the plugs and drop into the buckets. When the buckets were full, the men would pour the sap into a barrel, and haul it home on a drag, and so boil it down into sugar.

"Boil it down into sugar?" repeated Malleville.

"Yes," said Phonny, "they put it into a mon-

strous great kettle, and boil it till it turns into sugar."

"Why does it?" asked Malleville.

"I don't know," said Phonny. "It always does."

"If we could get some sap," he continued, "and put it in a kettle over a fire, and boil it down, it would soon turn, first into sweet syrup, and afterward into sugar,—into maple sugar."

"Let us try," said Malleville.

"Well," said Phonny, "we will try some time. There!" said he, "you can see the buckets there, under the trees."

So saying, Phonny pointed to the woods on one side of the road. The trees were not evergreens, like those which grew on the declivities of the mountains, but the branches were bare. Malleville could see a great way in among the trees, as there were no leaves upon the branches. The ground was covered with snow. A great many of the trees had buckets standing close to them upon the snow.

"Those buckets are full of sap,—or getting full," said Phonny,—"sweet sap."

"I wish I could go and see," said Malleville.

"You can," said Beechnut. "There is a

road that leads in among the trees, a little farther along.

They came to the road pretty soon. It was the road made by Andrew's drag. Beechnut drove in. When he had got in among the trees that were tapped, he stopped near one of them, and helped Malleville out of the palanquin. Malleville was very much interested in examining the plug, and in seeing the sap drop, drop, drop, from the end of the plug down into the bucket. Beechnut pulled out the plug, and let her see the hole which had been bored into the tree. He also let her take the plug and examine it. It was hollow from end to end, and she could look through it.

"How do they make such a hollow plug?' asked Malleville.

"They make them out of elder bush stems," said Phonny. "You see the elder bush stems have a very large and soft pith, and you can punch the pith out with a small round stick, and that makes the plug hollow. I can make such plugs as these myself. There are plenty of elder bushes down by the river stone."

This river stone was a large flat stone on the point where the brook flowed into the river. It may be seen in the frontispiece, near the center

of the picture. Phonny used very often to go there in the summer to play.

"And are there any sugar trees growing about your house?" asked Malleville.

"I don't know," said Phonny. "Are there, Beechnut?"

"Yes," said Beechnut; "enough for *your* operations."

"Well," said Phonny, "let us tap 'em and make some sugar. I'll make the plugs, and Beechnut shall tap the trees. Or I'll tap 'em—I'll get an auger and tap 'em myself."

Malleville tasted of the sap, but she said after tasting it, that it was not sweet at all. It tasted just like water.

"I know it," said Phonny; "but after you boil it a little while, it begins to get sweet, and as you go on boiling it, it becomes sweeter and sweeter, until at last it is as thick and sweet as honey."

The children then got into the palanquin again, and Beechnut, taking a great circuit around among the trees, almost all of which had buckets under them, drove out of the woods again. When he reached the main road, he met Andrew and his drag just coming in.

Arrival at the school-house again.

Soon after this the palanquin party approached the bridge. As they were descending the little hill which led to it, they came in sight of the school-house on the other side. They saw that the children were out in the yard of the school-house, at play.

"It is recess," said Phonny.

"Yes," said Malleville; "and they have come out to play."

Phonny and Malleville lost sight of the school-house, as they descended the hill to cross the bridge; but after crossing the bridge, and going up the ascent on the other side, they came in view of it again. Some of the children came forward toward the road to look at the palanquin. Others were standing at the side of the school-house, where there was a hole in the wall under the building, and were trying to look under. Beechnut stopped the horse when he got opposite to the children that were looking at the palanquin

He stopped in order to give the children of the school an opportunity to see the palanquin. He saw that they were interested in it, and that they wished to look at it, and he was willing to gratify them. So the horse stopped, and while those children that were near the road

were gazing on the palanquin in surprise, wondering what it could be, Phonny and Malleville turned their eyes toward the others who stood near the hole in the wall, and were wondering what they were doing.

A boy was walking along toward the hole with a stone in his hand.

FRANCO FOUND.

"Joseph!" said a little girl who stood by speaking in a tone of remonstrance and alarm, "Joseph! you shall not stone him." The girl stamped with her foot and spoke very sternly.

There was a boy kneeling down before the hole, holding out his hand with a small piece of bread in it, as if he was endeavoring to entice some animal out.

"Here, Pompey! Pompey! Pompey!" said he; "come here, Pompey, poor Pompey!"

"It is a dog named Pompey," said Phonny.

Just then the head of a dog appeared near the mouth of the hole. He had a white head with tawny-colored ears.

"I verily believe it is Franco," said Phonny So saying, he sprang out from under the canopy, and ran toward the school-house, calling Franco. It was really Franco; and as soon as he heard Phonny's voice, and saw him coming, he ran out at once from the hole, and began leaping and jumping upon him, with manifestations of the utmost delight.

Malleville was almost as much excited as Franco at this unexpected meeting. She called to Phonny to bring Franco to her, and as he came along very slowly, she became very impatient, and was beginning to get down from the sled, and go to him herself. But the sun had melted the snow very much by the side of the road, where the sled was standing, and the place was wet. So Beechnut drove on up into

the school yard,—or rather to the area by the side of the school-house, for it was not inclosed like a yard,—and stopped at last in the midst of the children. Franco then leaped up into the sled, and curling down as close to Malleville as he could get, he looked up into her face and wagged his tail. Malleville laughed outright with joy, though Franco continued to look perfectly sober.

"I am *so* glad," said she. "I like him a great deal better than Tom."

Phonny asked the children how Franco came under the school-house. They said that they found him lying on the steps when they came to school that morning, and that when they tried to catch him, he ran under the school-house. They tried to call him out, but they could not make him come, and so Mary Bell put in some of her luncheon for him to eat, while they went into school. When they came out in the recess, they found that he had eaten what they had left for him, and Mary Bell was trying to make him come out and get some more.

When the children told Phonny this, Mary Bell, who was a very beautiful, blue-eyed girl, of about twelve years old, was standing back a

little way, with her hands behind her. She looked pleased and happy, and yet a little afraid.

"Mary," said Beechnut, "should not you like to have a ride on this palanquin?"

"No I thank you," said Mary.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "go and take a little ride; and you may take as many with you as you have a mind to invite."

Here several of the girls began to say very fast and eagerly, "Me, Mary! me! me!"

Mary looked around upon the children, and at the palanquin, smiling and yet seeming to be a little embarrassed and confused.

"Who would you like to have go, Mary?" said Beechnut.

"I should like to have them all go," said Mary,—"if there was room?"

"Plenty of room," said Beechnut. "I'll leave Phonny and Malleville here till we come back."

"Well, stop a minute," said Mary; and she turned round and ran toward the school-house. The children began to dance about and caper with delight. "She's gone to ask the teacher," said they. "But she will certainly let us go She knows Beechnut."

While Mary Bell was gone into the school house, Beechnut took Malleville out of the pa-

The children get into the palanquin.

lanquin, and let her sit down upon the steps of the door. He also untied the string of the hand sled from the stake of the great sled, and drew the hand sled, with the basket upon it containing Tom, a little aside. Mary Bell then came out. She told the children that the teacher had given them leave to go and ride. So they all began to clamber upon the sled. The oldest children got upon it first, and took their seats as close together as they could sit, on the sort of ridge or bolster made all around the sled by the bundles of straw which had been placed under the buffalo skins. The younger children got in last, and sat down wherever they could find a place in the middle. Some of the boys clung to the sides of the sled, standing upon the runners, and taking hold of the stakes at the same time, underneath the canopy, to keep themselves from falling off. When all was ready, Beechnut took his seat upon the box in front, and began to drive away. Malleville, sitting upon the steps and holding Franco in her lap, looked on with great interest; while Phonny was occupied sometimes in gazing at the crowded palanquin, and sometimes in peeping into the basket to see Tom.

The children upon the sled were full of glee

and they filled the air with shouts of laughter when they found themselves beginning to move —and with screams, half of fear and half of fun, whenever the vehicle inclined to one side or the other a little, on account of the inequalities of the way, so as to suggest to them the idea that they might possibly be upset. Phonny at length left his basket and ran after them, shouting and cheering them as they went along, until at length they all disappeared together, in a road that went winding into the woods, and Malleville was left alone.

At least she thought that she was alone, but in a few minutes she heard a pleasant voice behind her saying,

"Is that your dog?"

Malleville looked up, and saw a young woman looking out of the window of the schoolhouse. Malleville was a little afraid. She supposed that it was the teacher—as it really was.

"Is that your dog?" repeated the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," said Malleville.

"What is his name?" asked the teacher.

'Franco," replied Malleville.

"How came he here?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Malleville.

Here there was a little pause.

"Would you not like to come in and see the school-room?" asked the teacher again.

"No, ma'am," said Malleville.

She declined the invitation simply because she was afraid. She would, in fact, have liked very well to have seen what there was in the school-room. Presently she began to be sorry that she had said no, and she wished that the teacher would invite her again.

The teacher did not, however, ask her again, but after pausing a few minutes, she said,

"What is your name?"

"My name is Malleville."

"Where do you live?" asked the teacher.

"I live in New York," replied Malleville.

"But where do you live about here?"

"I live at my cousin Phonny's," said Malleville.

"Phonny's?" repeated the teacher, as if she never had heard the name before. "Do you mean Alphonzo's?"

"Yes," said Malleville, "I believe his real name is Alphonzo, but I always call him Phonny."

After some further conversation, the teacher invited Malleville to come to school some day

and be one of her scholars. Malleville, who now began to get a little acquainted with the teacher, thought that she should like to come very much, and she resolved that she would ask her Aunt Henry to allow her to do so. She wished too that the teacher would invite her again to go in and see the school-room; but she did not. In a few minutes more Malleville heard the sound of the sleigh bells, and the noise of shouts and laughter, in the woods, which were the signals that Beechnut was returning. She looked at the little opening where the road emerged from the woods, and very soon the party appeared in view. A large number of the children were still upon the sled, as before, but many of the boys had fallen off and were running behind, endeavoring to overtake the sled, and regain their places. They were laughing, however, so heartily, that they could not run very fast, and all the children that were upon the sled were laughing too, and calling out to Beechnut to drive faster, and clapping their hands.

Beechnut contrived to slacken his horse's pace a little, when he began to draw near to the school-house, so as to allow all parties to recover their places upon the sled at last; and

thus when he drove up to the door they were all riding, as when they set out. They were out of breath with laughter and merriment, and began to get off the sled when it stopped, saying, that they had had a capital ride.

Then Phonny and Malleville took their places upon the sled again, and fastened the hand sled behind. Malleville took Franco in her lap. As the sled left the school-house and went toward the road, she said to Phonny that now she should not want Tom, and she asked if they should not carry him back again to the farmer's.

"Why, no," said Phonny, "I don't suppose they will take him back again. I am going to ask my mother to let me keep him for *my* dog."

He did accordingly ask his mother, when he got home, to allow him to keep Tom. His mother seemed at first very unwilling that there should be two dogs about the house; but afterward, considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, she consented to Phonny's proposal. So Malleville after that had her dog, and Phonny had his.

CHAPTER VII.

CALM MORNINGS.

WHILE Malleville was at Franconia, she seemed to grow stronger and better every day. She was out of doors a great deal, rambling about in the mornings upon the hard snow, and later in the day when the snow became soft, so that she could not go upon it, she would play upon the platform, or talk with Beechnut while he was at his work.

When the mornings were calm it was always very pleasant rambling about the fields and climbing upon the rocks, however cool the air might be; but if it was windy it was quite uncomfortable, even though not very cold. Malleville accordingly felt, every morning, a special interest in ascertaining whether it was going to be windy or not that day. She ascertained this point partly by the barometer, partly by the smokes coming from the chimneys, and partly by inquiry of Phonny and Beechnut.

The barometer was a philosophical instrument which hung in Wallace's room. There

was within the instrument a long glass tube, with mercury or quicksilver in it. When this quicksilver was high, it was a sign that the day would be calm. If it was low, it was a sign that it would be windy, and if the wind was east, that it would snow or rain. The barometer hung against the wall, and it was so long that Malleville had to stand upon a chair to see how high the mercury stood. It perplexed her very much to conceive how the calmness or windiness of the air out of doors could affect a philosophical instrument like this, hanging up in Wallace's room, which was always particularly calm and still. She asked Wallace one day what the reason was, but he said that she was not old enough yet to understand.

The appearance of the smokes coming out from the tops of the chimneys was after all the most satisfactory mode of judging of the windiness or calmness of the morning. If these smokes ascended perpendicularly or with but little inclination to the right or left, Malleville knew that the air was still, even upon the tops of the rocks. Such days as those were the days for climbing.

During some of these calm mornings Malleville learned to slide down hill. She began

at first by sliding down a little slope of snow in the yard, upon Beechnut's drag, which, being very smooth upon the bottom, would slide very well. Sometimes it would hardly stay still long enough, at the top of the hill, for Malleville to get fairly on. She grew more and more courageous every day, and chose longer and longer hills, and at last she went out one morning with Phonny, to slide down a very long hill indeed.

It was at a place where there was a smooth descent for a long distance into a valley. Phonny drew Malleville out to the place on his sled. When they came out to the brow of the hill, they found that there was a very extensive prospect before them. They could see quite across the river and up the hills on the other side. The whole country was covered with snow, though there were farm-houses and groves of trees to be seen, and various dark lines running along here and there over the surface of the snow. These lines were the tops of the fences.

Phonny stopped when he reached the brow of the hill, and began to look very intently across the river.

"What do you see?" said Malleville.

The distant prospect of boys sliding. Malleville watches them.

"Look there," said Phonny, pointing with his finger. "Don't you see something on the snow?"

Malleville looked and saw something that looked like little black dots, slowly creeping up the distant hill.

"What are they?" asked Malleville.

"Some boys," replied Phonny, "going to slide. I know who they are; John Jones and James Anderson. We will watch them. They will slide in a minute."

The little dots continued slowly creeping up the hill for a little time longer, and then came to a stand.

"They are getting on their sleds," said Phonny.

While the boys had been going up the hill, there seemed to be four dots, the four being the two boys and the two sleds. When they reached the top, they seemed all to unite into one, they went so close together. Presently, however, the one black dot began to separate again into two. One part remained stationary; the other began slowly to move in a winding direction down the hill. Phonny and Malleville watched it very intently as it descended. It glided along faster and faster, now inclining this way and

now that, according to the undulations of the snow. Now it seemed to bound down a steep descent; and now to shoot over a level plateau. The speed of its progress increased continually, however, as it went on, until at last it reached the bottom of the hill, and then glided straight across the level intervales or meadows which bordered the river, and finally disappeared, before it stopped, behind a long line of elms and willows which came in the way, and hid it from view.

"What a good long slide!" said Malleville.

"Now for the other," said Phonny.

The other boy followed the same course, Phonny and Malleville watching him all the way. After thus seeing the boys across the river descend the hill, Malleville and Phonny commenced *their* slide. Phonny sat upon the sled with Malleville before him. The hill was pretty steep in one part, and they went down so swiftly that, when they got to the bottom, they went across the valley, and up the slope a little way on the opposite side. They continued to slide there that morning for more than an hour. Then the snow began to grow soft, and they went in.

When Malleville was out with Phonny, early

in the sunny mornings, walking, or running, or sliding on the hard surface of the snow, she wished that the snow would not melt away, but that the winter would continue as long as she remained in Franconia. But then, on the other hand, when she was in the yard playing about upon the platforms and upon the dry ground, and saw the paths in the yards and the beds and the roots of the flowers in the garden coming into view more and more every day, as the snow melted, she longed to have it all gone.

One evening, just after tea, Phonny came in from the barns, where he had been at work with Beechnut, and began to look about for Malleville, apparently very much pleased and excited at something or other. At length, he found her in Wallace's alcove, sitting upon the little step-ladder and reading a story-book; or rather, looking at the pictures, for she could not read very well.

"Malleville," said Phonny, as soon as he saw her, "it rains."

"Does it?" said Malleville, mournfully; and she turned her head to look out at Wallace's window. She could see the drops of rain upon the glass.

"Is it going to rain to-morrow?" said she.

Doubt whether to be glad or sorry. Effects of the rain.

"Yes," said Phonny; "Beechnut says he thinks so."

"How sorry I am!" said Malleville.

"No," rejoined Phonny, "glad. Because the rain will melt the snow all away; and, besides, it will carry off all the ice out of the river, and make a freshet."

"Then, I'm glad," said Malleville.

It did rain all that night and nearly all the next day, and it melted away the snow a great deal. Phonny and Malleville watched the bare spots in the yards, and upon the sides of the hills, so far as they could be seen from the windows, and were much pleased to see that they were gradually enlarging. Little torrents began to flow down too, in various directions, from the hills, shooting swiftly in some places along winding channels in the grass, and falling in other places over the rocks in foaming cascades. Great pools of water, too, began to be formed on the surface of the ice on the river. These pools gradually extended themselves, until at length almost the whole surface of the ice seemed to be covered, from one shore to the other, and up and down the stream as far as Malleville could see.

"Perhaps the ice will go out to-night and we

shall have a freshet to-morrow," said Phonny. "I am glad that we have got our harpoons."

"So am I," said Malleville.

"And perhaps it will freeze again," added Phonny, "and then we shall have excellent skating and sliding on the river. I would rather have the skating and sliding."

"And *I* would rather have the freshet," said Malleville, "because I can not skate or slide."

"Yes," replied Phonny, "you can slide."

"No," rejoined Malleville, "I am afraid to go on such slippery ice."

"Oh there is no danger," said Phonny. "Besides, Beechnut and I will give you a ride upon the Northerner."

The Northerner was one of Phonny's hand sleds made expressly for running on the ice. Phonny described it to Malleville, and gave her a very animated account of the excursion which might be taken with it, up and down the river. Malleville became very much interested in this plan, and on the whole gave up her desire that the ice should leave the river, and began to wish that the water on the surface might freeze again.

That evening when the children had gone to bed, and were waiting for Mrs. Henry to come

and make them her usual evening visit, they heard a clicking upon the windows which sounded like snow or hail. Presently the door opened and Wallace came in, instead of Mrs. Henry. The children asked him about the weather, and he said that it was snowing fast. Malleville said that she was glad of that, for it was a sign that it was growing colder, and that it would freeze. Phonny said that he was sorry, for the snow would cover the ice upon the river all over again.

"No," said Wallace. "It will cover the ground, and the trees; but it will sink into the water, wherever water is standing upon the ice of the river, and be melted. So that if it should snow an hour or two to-night, and then clear up and be cold, we may find to-morrow morning, the land and the trees covered with snow, while there is smooth and glassy ice upon the river."

It did in reality clear up in the night, after having snowed a few hours, and the country in the morning presented the appearance which Wallace had predicted. The fields and hill-sides were white, except in places where the ground had been so wet or so warm that the flakes had melted as they fell. The surface of

Phonny goes down to try the ice. Safety of doing this.

the river, on the other hand, presented the appearance of a smooth expanse, reflecting, like a mirror, the dark firs and the frowning rocks of the opposite shore.

Phonny was very eager to have breakfast over, that he and Malleville might go down to the river and slide. When Phonny went out, however, he found it cold and uncomfortable. There was a blustering wind blowing from the north-west, and besides, Beechnut said that the new ice was probably not frozen "hard enough to bear." He recommended to Phonny to go down to the pier alone first, and try it. Phonny's mother made no objection to this, for she knew that if the new ice should prove to be weak, the old ice which was beneath it, still remained, and must necessarily be strong, and that there could only be a very thin stratum of water between them, and consequently if Phonny should actually go upon the ice and break through, he would only wet his feet a little. She recommended to him, however, not to go upon the ice at all, unless he should first prove it to be strong by throwing stones upon it from the pier.

Phonny said that he would try it with his harpoon. The poles which he and Wallace

had obtained in the woods, had been made into harpoons some days before. Beechnut had shaved them smooth from end to end, making them, as he did so, slender, tapering, and true in form. The iron rings had then been driven upon the ends, and the iron spikes inserted, and they were accordingly now ready for use. There were four in all, one small and slender one for Malleville. Phonny took Malleville's harpoon for trying the ice, since it was more convenient to carry, and yet was abundantly long enough for the purpose to which he wished now to devote it.

As Phonny went away, harpoon in hand, Malleville watched him from the window. He soon disappeared, however, from view. He went out into the road by the great gate, which may be seen before the house in the frontispiece, thence crossed the road and went down to the pier. Standing upon the pier he looked down upon the ice. It was smooth and glassy, and he thought it was strong. He struck his harpoon down into it. The point of the harpoon penetrated through the thin upper stratum of ice, but was arrested by the thick stratum below.

"No," said Phonny to himself, "it is not strong."

Pleasant day. Ice strong. Caroline walks down with Malville.

He punched several other small round holes in the ice with the end of his pole, and then, finding it cold and uncomfortable standing on the pier, he went back to the house and reported to Malleville the result of his examination.

The cold wind continued all day, but it went down in the evening at sunset, and the air became calm. The next morning the ice was perfectly solid and firm, and as the air was calm and the sky serene, the circumstances were in all respects favorable for skating and sliding on the river. Several boys from the village came to skate and to slide. One of them brought his sister with him, whose name was Caroline. Caroline proposed that Malleville should go down with her to the shore, and see the boys skate. Caroline was much older than Malleville, and said that she would take care of her.

Caroline was a very courageous girl, and Malleville felt quite safe under her guidance. Wallace had gone down some minutes before, with his skates in his hand. Caroline and Malleville went to the bridge which leads across the brook just above its mouth. This bridge is not in sight in the frontispiece view, being concealed by the trees and shrubbery on the point

of land lying between the brook and the river. After crossing this brook, Caroline and Malleville advanced by a narrow path which leads across the point of land, and thence down by some rude stone steps on the hither side of it, to the beach which lies along the shore of the river. Caroline led the way down this path, and Malleville followed.*

The scene which presented itself to view was very beautiful. The surface of the ice was smooth and glassy. The road which led up and down the stream, and which had been very distinctly visible as a road, while the river had been covered with snow, was now wholly concealed, the new ice having been formed over it, making the whole surface of the river one smooth and continuous expanse. A boy was, however, driving a flock of sheep along where the road had been; but he found it so slippery that he could scarcely stand. Wallace was putting on his skates near the shore, and Caroline's brother was standing near him. Phonny had put on his skates before Malleville and Caroline had come down, and had skated away down the river out of sight.

* See Frontispiece.

Malleville was very much interested in the view upon the river: the smooth ice, the graceful skaters, the distant groups of boys, the sheep slipping as they walked, and the distant sleigh which were to be seen gliding slowly along like insects, at a great distance down the river

Caroline led Malleville cautiously upon the ice, though Malleville was rather afraid, and was unwilling to go very far. Caroline ran about everywhere, with very little fear, especially after Wallace and her brother had skated away. At length Malleville began to get tired, and Caroline returned with her to the house.

Wallace and Phonny came back in an hour or two, and proposed that after dinner, Malleville should go with them on an excursion upon the Northerner. The Northerner, as has already been stated, was one of Phonny's hand sleds, made expressly for running upon the ice. It had iron runners, which were bent up in a curve at each end, so that the sled would run either way. There were shafts with a bar across, like the shafts of a hand-cart, at one end, and a tongue at the other. Beechnut contrived this arrangement for himself and Phonny. Phonny would take his place within the shafts, at one end, and Beechnut at the tongue,

at the other end. Then if Phonny's end was going foremost, Beechnut would push and Phonny would pull. After running in that way for a time, they would turn and go the other way, and then Phonny would push and Beechnut would pull. This reversal not only afforded an agreeable variety, but it produced also a change of action in the work, which operated as a species of rest.

There was a sort of box upon the sled, like the top of a sleigh. By spreading a buffalo skin over this box, a very excellent and comfortable seat was made for Malleville. Malleville was very much pleased with it indeed. She got into the sled at the door of the house. Wallace and Phonny put their skates in front, and then gave Malleville a ride down to the river. Phonny went first, drawing by means of his shafts, while Beechnut followed behind, pushing by the tongue. When they reached the river, they put on their skates, and then skated away very swiftly one or two miles down the river. Franco and Tom accompanied them, running by the side of the sled.

The scenery, though it was winter, was very beautiful along the banks of the river. There were roads and fences and farm-houses, and

groves of trees. Malleville laid her head down upon the back of the seat, which was high enough for her head to rest upon, and enjoyed the view as she rode along.

THE NORTHERNER.

After a time, Malleville imagined that Franco must be tired, and so Beechnut caught him and put him into the sled in front of Malleville Malleville liked to have him there, not only for his sake, because she thought that he was tired, but also because she liked his company. Besides, he helped to keep her feet warm.

Snow predicted. Gathering of the storm. Sky changes.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SNOW STORM.

ONE day while Malleville was looking at some little green leaves which she had found by the side of a walk in the yard, Beechnut came by, and Malleville asked him how soon he thought the snow would be gone.

"I don't know," said Beechnut; "we may have a foot more before this is gone."

"A foot more!" exclaimed Malleville.

"Yes," said Beechnut. "There is time enough for a foot more of snow, this spring, and room enough for it too, on the ground. In fact, I think it looks as if there might be a snow storm gathering now."

Malleville looked at the sky and saw that it was hazy, especially toward the south. The shining of the sun too began to grow dim. In about half an hour afterward, it became so cool that Malleville went into the house. The sun disappeared. The sky changed everywhere from blue to gray. It grew dark too, much earlier than usual, that night, and when Phonny

and Malleville went up stairs to go to bed, they heard a clicking upon the windows, as if it were beginning to snow. Malleville went to a window and looked out. Every thing was white with fresh fallen snow. The dark places where the old snow had melted off, and left the ground bare, both in the yard and garden, were all covered again, and every thing—platforms, walks, grass-plots, paths, and flower-beds—was enveloped again in one undistinguishable mantle of white.

"Oh dear me!" said Malleville. "The garden is all covered up with snow, and the flowers will all be killed."

"Oh, no!" said Phonny. "They don't care for the snow. I'm glad we've got a storm."

"And I am very sorry," said Malleville. "Now I can't go out to play any more."

"Yes," said Phonny. "We shall have a good time going out to break the roads."

"Shall we?" said Malleville.

"Yes," said Phonny, "if we have snow enough and drifts enough. I hope it will snow all night; and blow,—oh how I hope it will blow!"

It did snow all night, though it did not blow much. In the morning, when Malleville awoke

Snow flakes on the panes of glass. A dispute. The sitting room.

she found the snow piled up against the windows, so that she could scarcely see out of them. She went to a window to take a view. The lower parts of the panes of glass were covered with snow. She could see out at the upper parts, but not very well, for there were a great many little drops of water and half-melted snow continually creeping down upon the outside. The reason of this was, as Mrs. Henry told Malleville, that the glass being made warm by the warmth of the room, melted the flakes of snow which were driven against it by the wind on the outside.

As soon as Malleville was dressed she went down stairs to find Phonny, expecting to have a fine time talking and playing with him before breakfast. But she was disappointed in this expectation, for instead of having a pleasant time, she and Phonny made themselves very miserable for a little while, by means of a dispute,—a cause which very frequently mars the pleasures of children. The dispute arose in the following manner:—

Malleville found Phonny in the great sitting-room. This room was very large. It had windows on one side, and there were doors opening into various other rooms at the two

ends. In the middle of the other side there was an enormous fire-place, with a monstrous flat stone for a hearth. The breakfast table was set at one end of the room—that is *toward* one end of it, leaving the other part of the room free for Phonny and Malleville to run about in and play. They both looked out at the window a few minutes, and then Malleville went and sat down upon a cricket by the fire-place, and began to play with Franco. Tom was asleep on the other side of the fire.

"Oh Malleville," said Phonny, "come here and see the drops run down on the glass."

"I have seen them already," said Malleville, "and I know what makes them run down."

"What is it?" asked Phonny.

"Why it is because the glass is warm, and it melts the snow flakes that strike against it outside."

Malleville had received this explanation from her aunt before she came down stairs.

Phonny put his hand upon the glass to feel it, in order to ascertain whether it was warm.

"No," said Phonny, "the glass is not warm; it is cold."

"No, it is not," said Malleville, "it is warm, my aunt said it was warm,—and she knows."

Phonny relies on the evidence of his senses; Malleville on authority.

"But come and feel of it yourself," said Phonny. "It is cold. It is as cold as ice." So saying, Phonny pressed his fingers upon the panes in various places. The glass felt cold in every part.

"No," said Malleville, "I don't wish to feel of it. I know it is warm, because my aunt says that it is."

Phonny then left the window and went toward Malleville, saying, "Just come and feel." And he began to take hold of her arm to pull her along.

"No," said Malleville, shaking him away. "I don't wish to go."

Phonny would very likely have attempted to pull his cousin to the window, in which case very serious trouble would probably have ensued, but just at this instant the door opened, and Beechnut came in, bringing in an armful of wood for the fire.

"What's the matter?" said Beechnut.

"Why, Phonny won't let me alone," said Malleville.

"Malleville says the glass of the window is warm," said Phonny, "and I want her to feel of it."

"One of you says it is warm, and the other

says it is cold," said Beechnut, "and you can't settle the dispute. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Phonny.

"I'll go and see," said Beechnut. So he put down his wood, and then laid it all very deliberately, stick after stick, upon the fire. Then he put his hand in his pocket and took out a mitten.

"What are you going to do?" asked Phonny.

"I am going to put this mitten on," said Beechnut, "in case the glass should be so hot as to burn me."

Phonny laughed outright at this idea, and Malleville could not help smiling. In fact they began immediately to feel in better humor.

Beechnut advanced very cautiously toward the window, reaching his hand out toward it in such a manner, as if he were a little afraid to touch it. He mimicked in fact so perfectly, and in so droll a manner, the appearance and air of a boy about to touch hot iron, that Phonny and Malleville forgot their dispute, and ran toward him to see what he would do.

Beechnut put his hand out to the window, and the instant he touched it, he caught it away again instantaneously, crying out, "Oh, how hot!" Then he added, "I believe I'll try it

without my mitten." So saying, he drew off his mitten and touched his bare hand to the glass, and immediately jumping as if he had been burned, he began to dance and caper about the room, shaking and blowing his fingers and making up such droll faces of burlesque distress that Phonny and Malleville filled the room with their shouts of laughter. Beechnut danced and capered to the door, opened it and disappeared. The instant that he passed out the door, he resumed his ordinary appearance, and walked along in the soberest manner possible through the kitchen, past Mrs. Henry and the girls, who were busy there preparing breakfast, just as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Henry and the girls had heard the children laughing and running about in the other room, but they did not imagine that Beechnut had any thing to do with the frolic, so perfectly grave and sedate was his appearance now.

Malleville followed Beechnut out through the kitchen. She found him in the shed, taking down more wood from a pile.

She opened the door a little way which led into the shed, and said, "Was it *really* hot, Beechnut?"

"Ah," said Beechnut shaking his head, and

yet smiling mysteriously. "If you could only see my fingers—all blistered."

"But was it really, now?" said Malleville "Tell me."

"Did you and Phonny have a dispute about it?" asked he.

"Yes," said Malleville.

"Well, it is too cold for you to come here now, but after breakfast when you are ready to come out, come here into the shed, and I'll settle the dispute for you."

Malleville assented to this, and went in and told Phonny. She found Phonny telling the story of the dispute to Wallace, who had just come down to breakfast. Wallace had a different way of settling such questions from Beechnut. He put his hand upon the glass and said, "Certainly the glass is not so warm as the hand, and so it feels cold when we touch it; but it is warmer than the snow, and so it melts the snow."

"But it is cold when we feel of it?" said Phonny.

"Yes," said Wallace. "Or rather it feels cold to the hand."

"There," said Phonny, turning to Malleville. "I told you so."

"Phonny," said Malleville, shaking her head, "I am not going to dispute about it any more. Beechnut says that he is going to settle it after breakfast."

Phonny and Malleville went accordingly out into the shed after breakfast, as soon as Malleville had time to put on her bonnet and shawl. Beechnut was piling wood. The doors of the shed were all shut to keep out the storm, which was beating incessantly against the windows as if the wind and snow were trying to get in. Some of the snow had been driven through under the crack of the door, and lay there in a little drift. Phonny and Malleville went and made snowballs from it.

Then they went to Beechnut to get their dispute settled.

"I'll read the law about disputes," said Beechnut, "out of the Code Antonio."

The emperor Napoleon, during the period of his reign over the French nation, caused a body of laws to be framed which became very celebrated all over the world, and was called the Code Napoleon. It was in imitation of this name that Beechnut called the laws which he announced from time to time to Phonny and Malleville, the Code Antonio.

As Beechnut said that he would read the law to them, he put his hand in his pocket and took out a small morocco book.

"You must hear the case first," said Phonny

"No," said Beechnut, "we'll hear the law. You got into a dispute and you want to know which is right and which is wrong, that is it; isn't it?"

"Yes," said Phonny.

"Well, that's the case. All we want now is the law."

So Beechnut began turning over the leaves of his book, and presently he began to read.

"'Chapter forty-eighth. Of Disputes.' Yes, that's it. 'Section first. If two brothers get into a dispute, it is the oldest that is in the wrong, for he ought to be the wisest, and disputing among children is most miserable folly.'"

"That is not it," said Malleville, "for we are not two brothers."

"'Section second,'" continued Beechnut, still looking upon his book with the utmost gravity. "'If a brother and a sister get into a dispute it is the brother who is in the wrong, for he ought to be too polite to dispute with a lady.'"

"*That* is not it," said Malleville, "for we are not a brother and sister."

Beechnut diverts the minds of the disputants. A recommendation.

"It comes pretty near it," said Beechnut, shutting the book.

"Let me see the book," said Phonny, as Beechnut was putting it in his pocket.

"No," said Beechnut; "but I'll tell you what I will do."

"What?" said Phonny.

"If you and Malleville will pile wood for me one hour, I'll tap some sugar trees for you."

"When will you tap them?" asked Phonny.

"The first good day," said Beechnut.

"Well, Malleville," said Phonny, "let's do it."

Malleville assented. The children worked accordingly for an hour piling wood very industriously, and Beechnut promised that he would tap the trees for them the first favorable day.

This was substantially the mode which Beechnut always adopted to settle the disputes of Phonny and Malleville. He amused them at first by some bold and original device to excite their interest and curiosity, or to make them laugh, and then contrived some way to turn their attention off from the subject of the dispute, into new channels altogether. It was a very good way. Older brothers and sisters will do well to adopt it, when occasion occurs arising out of the contentions of the younger children.

Snow storm continues. Phonny teaching Tom to speak.

That afternoon, after Phonny's lesson hour was over, he came down into the sitting-room to play with Malleville. The snow storm still continued. The snow was piled up so high against the windows, and the flakes flew so fast against the panes, driven by the wind, that Malleville could scarcely see any thing out of doors. She could, however, see clearly that the snow was getting very deep in the yard. The garden gate was entirely covered up in a great drift. While Malleville was looking out at the window, making these observations, Phonny was upon a cricket by the side of the fire, teaching his dog Tom to "speak," as he called it. He was holding a piece of bread up above the dog's reach, and trying to make him bark for it. by saying,

"Speak, Tommy, speak!"

Tom, under this treatment, would seem very anxious and uneasy, and whine and make all sorts of disagreeable noises, and finally bark. As soon as he barked, Phonny would give him the bread, and then breaking another piece from a slice which he held in his hand, he would commence the same lesson again.

While he was engaged in this manner, it happened that Beechnut passed through the

room on his way into the parlor, to ask Mrs. Henry if he should go to the post-office, as it was past his usual time. He stopped as he went through the room to look at Phonny. He asked Phonny what he was doing with his dog.

"I am teaching him to speak," said Phonny. "Stop and see him do it."

Beechnut stood still while Phonny broke off another small piece of bread, and holding it up high, said as before, "Speak, Tommy! speak!" Tommy wriggled about, and jumped up and whined, but being perhaps a little disturbed at the presence of a stranger, he would not "speak."

Beechnut uttered an inarticulate exclamation of contempt, which it is impossible to represent by any English word, and went on.

"He would speak a minute or two ago," said Phonny.

"I am glad he won't now," said Beechnut.

Phonny supposed that Beechnut's sneer was called forth by the dog's perverseness in not speaking, whereas it was really an expression of contempt for Phonny's folly, in attempting to teach him such a thing.

"Why? don't you think it is a good plan to teach him something?" asked Phonny.

Beechnut recommends a plan. Phonny adopts it.

"Yes," replied Beechnut; "but I would teach him some real and useful performance, and not disagreeable and ugly tricks." So saying, Beechnut passed out of the room and disappeared.

In a few minutes he came back, and Phonny accosted him, as he passed through, with,

"What would you teach him, Beechnut?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Beechnut. "Perhaps I should teach him to draw like a horse. If you teach both the dogs to draw, you might have them for a yoke of steers, to draw your sap to the boiling kettle, when you make your sugar." So saying, Beechnut disappeared again, going out toward the barn.

Phonny was very much pleased with the idea of teaching the dogs to draw; and after reflecting upon it, and talking with Malleville about it a few minutes, he concluded to go out and ask Beechnut how it was to be done. He found him in the barn leading out the horse from his stall.

"Where are you going?" asked Phonny.

"To the post-office," said Beechnut. The post-office was about a mile distant in the village.

"Hoh!" said Phonny; "you can't get to the post-office."

"I can try," said Beechnut. Saying this, he put a folded blanket upon the horse's back, and fastened it by a strap around his body. He then mounted by a spring, from the barn floor.

"A'nt you going to have a bridle?" asked Phonny.

"No," said Beechnut; "a halter is bridle enough for me, especially when I have the Marshal to ride."

The horse was called the Marshal, because he was a favorite horse for service on military parades and other great occasions. He was very handsome and very spirited, but so well trained, that Beechnut could control him by a halter as well as by a bridle.

"But, Beechnut," said Phonny, "I wish you would show us how to teach our dogs to draw, and make us a harness, before you go."

"Oh, no," said Beechnut; "it would take me half an hour to do that."

"And how long will it be before you come back from the post-office?" asked Phonny.

"It will take me an hour and a half to go and come," said Beechnut, "if the drifts are as deep as I suppose."

"I mean to go and ask Wallace to go to the

Phonny proposes that Wallace shall go.

post-office," said Phonny, "and then you can stay and help us."

"Very well; but tell him that it is your plan, and not mine," rejoined Beechnut.

Phonny ran off to ask Wallace. In a few minutes he came back accompanied by Wallace, who was equipped apparently for the storm. He had a cap upon his head, and his coat was buttoned up to the chin.

"I am afraid you will find it very bad getting to the post-office, Mr. Wallace," said Beechnut.

"I expect to find the roads blocked up," said Wallace; "but I should like to go very much notwithstanding. I have not had any exercise to-day. Only I believe you must give me a saddle and bridle."

Wallace being a collegian, thought it would be hardly decorous for him to appear in the village with only a blanket and a halter for the caparison of his horse.

Beechnut accordingly dismounted, saddled and bridled the horse, and delivered him to Wallace. He then opened one half of the great barn door, and Wallace sallied forth into the snow. Beechnut and Phonny stood watching him from the barn door.

The yard and every thing in it seemed to be entirely buried up in the snow. The wind howled fearfully among the tops of the trees, around the house. Great drifts were heaped up against the windows. All traces of the road had entirely disappeared from view, even the tops of the fences near the house were in many places covered. Beyond the road nothing was to be seen—the whole landscape being entirely concealed from view by the thick and murky atmosphere, filled as it was by the falling flakes that were driven furiously onward by the force of the gale.

As the Marshal advanced through the yard, the snow was so deep that he could scarcely wallow through it. He, however, pressed steadily on, but at length, as he approached toward the great gate, or rather toward the place where the great gateway was, Wallace found that the whole line of the fence at that point, gateway and all, was entirely concealed from view by a monstrous drift which ran diagonally there from the road into the yard. The horse pushed on into this drift, the snow growing deeper and deeper at every step. When at length it came above his shoulders, he could go no farther. He struggled a moment and

then stopped. Wallace then got off his back into the snow upon one side.

Leaving the horse to himself, Wallace advanced before him, trampling the snow down with his feet, and attempting to break a way through the drift. He advanced very slowly in this work, but the horse followed him closely as he did advance, seeming to understand what he was endeavoring to do. Wallace finally succeeded in getting through the deepest part of the drift, and thence out into the road. When at length the depth of the snow diminished so much that it did not come quite up to the horse's shoulders, Wallace said, "Now, old fellow, I think you can go,"—and with these words he mounted into his place upon the saddle again. The horse went slowly on, Phonny and Beechnut watching his progress from the barn door. The murky atmosphere, however, soon concealed both horse and rider from view

"I wish I had asked Wallace to let me go too," said Phonny, "riding behind him."

Beechnut did not reply, but proceeded to shut the barn door, and then he and Phonny went into the house, to find Malleville and commence teaching the dogs to draw.

Beechnut understood the art of teaching dogs

to draw in harness very well. He had learned it in Canada, where dog-carts are often used and many dogs are trained to draw them. He

FRANCO LEARNING TO DRAW.

first made the harness. Each harness consisted of a collar of soft leather, and two long straps fastened to the collar, one on each side, to serve for traces. They used Beechnut's drag for a cart; at first without any load upon it, and they gave the two dogs their lessons alternately, first one and then the other Franco learned the fastest. But before Wallace

got back from the post-office, either of the dogs would come very well across the room, drawing the drag after him upon the carpet. Beechnut said that Phonny and Malleville must teach them more every day, and thus by the time that the snow became hardened so that they could commence their sap boiling, the dogs, he thought, would make a very good team. So he went away and left them.

By this time Phonny was tired of teaching the dogs, and he proposed to go out and get some stems of elder bushes and make the plugs for the trees. Malleville told him that he could not get out, for the yard was all buried in the snow. Phonny, however, said that he did not care for that; so he put on his boots, and then getting a pair of leather straps which hung in the back entry, he strapped his trowsers tight around his boots at the ankle, to prevent the snow from getting up under them. He then went out upon the platform, which led to the yard behind the house, while Malleville stood at the window to see.

He waded along through the yard, looking around continually toward Malleville, and tumbling down purposely into the snow to make her laugh, wallowing about too, here and

there, wherever the snow was deepest. He found, however, as he advanced in the direction in which he had to go to reach the elder bushes, that the snow soon became so deep that he could not get along. At length it came up to his waist. He sank down into it, turned round, and lay still in the snow, looking at Malleville and laughing.

Presently he raised himself up a little, suddenly, and he began pointing at something out among the trees of the garden, with a countenance expressive of great interest and pleasure.

"What is it?" asked Malleville, putting her mouth close to the glass, and speaking as loud as she could.

Phonny seemed to answer something, but Malleville could not hear what he said. He continued pointing as before.

Malleville pushed up the window a little, and then she could hear Phonny call out, "Snow birds."

The snow and the wind blew in so violently, that Malleville put the window down again immediately. Presently she saw Phonny wading out of the snow again, and coming back toward the house. As soon as he got to the platform, he began to stamp upon the floor of it, and to

shake and brush the snow off from his clothes. He then came up to the window and called out very loud to Malleville, to tell her that he was going to get the snow-shoes.

He accordingly walked along the platform, and disappeared from Malleville's view. In a few minutes, however, he reappeared with the snow-shoes on his back. He showed them to Malleville and laughed. He then put them down upon the platform, and put his feet upon them, fastening his feet to the straps.

He then stepped up from the platform upon the snow, for the snow was so deep, that now, when he no longer sank into it much, he seemed to be walking *up*, in going from the platform into the yard. The shoes supported him pretty well upon the soft surface; but they were so large, that it was extremely difficult for him to manage them, and he staggered on in a very absurd and awkward manner. Malleville watched him until he disappeared around the corner of the house, and then her attention was called off very effectually in another direction, for Wallace came in, whitened from head to foot, and saying,

"Malleville, I have got a letter for you. I believe it is from your mother."

CHAPTER IX.

SUGAR MAKING.

IT was nearly a week after this time before the snow which fell in the great storm had become so consolidated by being partially melted by day, and frozen again by night, that Phonny and Malleville could walk upon it. By this time Franco and Tom were well trained to draw; and in order to be sure that they could draw a load of sap, Phonny practiced them in the yard in drawing a pail of water The pail was of tin, and it had a cover which kept the water from spilling.

Beechnut said that the trees which they were to tap, were near the bank of the river, just above the mouth of the brook. He said that Phonny could haul the sap along upon the ice of the river. The ice was covered with snow now, and it seemed like any smooth field without any water at all below it. The snow, however, like the rest of the snow, all over the country, had got hard, so that during all the morning, persons could walk upon it without

breaking through. Beechnut had tapped the trees, six of them in all, the day before the children were to go down; and he gave them particular directions in respect to what they were to do in collecting and boiling the sap. What these directions were will appear by the doings of Phonny and Malleville in carrying them into effect.

Phonny was to draw down all the things that were necessary, on one of his hand sleds. He did not let the dogs draw them down, for he wished to save their strength, as he said, for the sap. First he put upon the sled a pretty large box, which was to hold the things in going down, and to be turned bottom upward and serve for a table when on the spot. Into this box he put a kettle, a number of sticks of wood, a small iron chain with a hook in the end of it, and a small saw.

The saw was to cut up dead branches of trees, and other such fuel as he might find in the woods, so as to make the pieces of proper length for a fire. He had intended at first to take a hatchet; but his mother told him that it was not safe for him to have a hatchet, and that he must content himself with such small sticks as he could find of the proper length already. Phonny said

that they could not get any such sticks in the winter; that they were all buried up in the snow, and that he must cut branches off the trees. Then his mother told him that he must take the saw.

In the kettle, when Phonny placed it in the box, were some pieces of birch bark, a little kindling wood, and a small box of matches These were to begin the fire with. There were also three round poles, about six feet long, tied together near one end by a rope. These were laid upon the top of the box after the other things had been put in. The box and the poles upon it were kept from falling off, by the stakes of the sled, which held and confined them.

The drag was not put into the box, but was attached by its rope to the hinder bar of the hand sled, in order to be drawn along after it. The covered tin pail, destined to contain the sap, was put upon the drag and was fastened to its place, as the box was upon the sled, by means of a cord. In the bottom of the tin pail was a paper, with some slices of bread and four oranges tied up in it, and upon the top of this parcel were two saucers and two spoons. These saucers and spoons were to enable Phonny and Malleville to try the sap from time to time as the

boiling went on, to see whether it was growing sweeter. There was also a good-sized wooden box to hold the sugar that they should make. They had determined to bring it all home, and give it to Mrs. Henry.

When all was ready, the whole party set off from the house together. Franco and Tom ran before the sled, frisking about in great glee.

"Ah, my fellows!" said Phonny, "you little know what hard work you have got to do to day, hauling sap."

The children came out through the great gate in front of the house, as seen in the picture, and then went along the road between the mouth of the brook and the hill. There was a bridge across the brook at a short distance from its mouth, just above the boat-house, as has already been mentioned, though the bridge is not to be seen in the picture, being concealed by the shrubbery on the point. They wished to get across to the point, for their fire was to be built upon the beach, which is represented in the picture on the foreground. The pathway which led across the point came from the bridge, and was the way to get to the beach and to the point, in the summer. There was no necessity for coming this way now, for the

river was frozen over quite solid, and the children might have come down to the pier, and so have crossed over upon the ice, but they had been accustomed in the summer to cross by the bridge, and they took that course now.

After crossing the bridge, they came along the path through the gap, to the beach represented in the foreground of the picture. Here the ground was almost bare, the snow having been nearly all blown off by the wind as it fell. The beach was a warm sunny place too, in the mornings, as its aspect was toward the east, and the little snow that had lodged upon it had melted away, so that Malleville and Phonny had a place there for a fire on the smooth and dry surface of the sand.

Phonny stopped with his sled when he reached the spot, and Malleville, who was a little tired with the long walk, sat down upon a seat under the bank, which Beechnut had made there in the summer.

"Now," said Phonny, "the first thing is for the fire."

"No," said Malleville; "the first thing is to get the sap."

"No," said Phonny.

"Yes," said Malleville: "for if you build the

fire it will all burn away while we are gone to get the sap."

"True," said Phonny; "if I should *light* the fire and so set it to burning. But I can *build* it, you know, and get it all ready, but not light it until the sap is here."

"Well," said Malleville, "and while you are doing that, I will sit on this seat and rest."

"Yes," said Phonny, "and you can be putting the harnesses on the dogs."

So Phonny began to make the preparations for building the fire, while Malleville took the harnesses up from the drag, and called Franco to come to her, that she might put his harness on. But Franco, who saw the harness in her hand, and knew very well what it meant, would not come. Malleville then went toward him to catch him, but he bounded away from her and ran out upon the river.

"Oh, dear me!" said Malleville, mournfully "what shall I do? Franco won't be dressed!"

"Never mind," said Phonny, "I'll catch him for you by and by."

So Malleville sat down upon the bench again, and began to watch Phonny's operations in making arrangements for the fire.

Phonny selected a smooth spot on the beach,

in such a place as that the wind should carry the smoke away from the seat, and then taking the three poles which have already been mentioned, he placed them in an upright position on the sand, with the ends which had been tied together upward. He then separated the lower ends from each other, spreading them out upon the sand, in such a manner that the whole formed a sort of tripod, the poles crossing each other near the top, at the place where they were tied. He then fastened the chain to these poles at the place where they were tied together, by winding one end of it round and round the intersection. The other end of the chain, which was the one to which the hook was attached, then hung down half-way to the ground.

"There!" said he to Malleville. "When I hang the kettle on that hook, it will be just about far enough above the fire."

He then began to arrange the wood for the fire. He selected the two largest sticks, and placed them parallel to each other on the beach under the tripod. He laid these sticks in the direction in which the wind was blowing, though there was in fact but very little wind indeed, and the morning was sunny and pleas-

ant. Gentle as the breeze was, however, he wished to give it an opportunity to draw through under his fire, and make it burn the faster.

"There!" said he, speaking half to himself and half to Malleville, "there are my andirons."

He then placed his birch bark and kindling sticks between these andirons, and laid his other sticks of wood across them, taking care to put the smallest in the middle. He next hung the kettle upon the hook, and then got down upon his hands and knees to look under and see if the bottom of the kettle was near enough to the wood.

"It does not touch," said he, "but the blaze will come up to it; and now we will go and get the sap."

Phonny had considerable difficulty in catching the dogs. They both preferred running about at their liberty such a pleasant morning, to being harnessed to a drag and compelled to draw a heavy load, especially since they had no idea of any imaginable good which was to result from it. Phonny succeeded, however, with Malleville's assistance, in catching them at last, and in harnessing them to the drag. He then took out the articles which had been

put into the pail, and placed them on the box, which he had previously turned bottom upward for a table.

"I think we had better put them under the box till we come back," said Malleville, "for fear that somebody will come along and carry off all our luncheon."

"Oh, no," said Phonny, "there is no danger."

So Phonny and Malleville set out on their excursion after the sap. They went on the river, following the shore up a little way, above the place where they had fixed their camp, and very soon came to the trees which Beechnut had tapped for them. They knew them immediately by their having spouts of elder wood inserted in the trunks, and bottles hanging at the ends of the spouts to catch the sap. Beechnut had no buckets, such as regular sugar-makers use, and so he used some bottles which he found in the cellar. He tied a string around the neck of each bottle, and suspended one by that means to the end of each of the spouts, in such a manner that the drops of sap coming down through the spout would fall into the bottle. The only disadvantage, he said, in using bottles instead of buckets was, that Phonny would have to go twice a day to empty his bot-

tles, or they might get full and run over, and so the sap be wasted.

Phonny and Malleville went to the bottles one after another, and to their great delight found them almost full of sap. They took the bottles off carefully, and poured the sap out into the pail. They then put on the cover of the pail, and set out on their return. The dogs pulled well, and took the load along in a very satisfactory manner; thus they arrived, without any accident, safe at their camp.

THE BOILING OF THE SAP.

As soon as they arrived, Malleville was disposed to get her tea-spoon and taste of the sap the first thing; but Phonny told her that he thought it would be best to pour it all into the kettle first, and light the fire, so as to get he boiling begun. Malleville consented to this. So they poured the sap carefully into the kettle, and then Phonny kindled a match by rubbing it upon the side of the box which formed the table.

"Let me light the fire, Phonny," said Malleville.

"Well," said Phonny. "Here's the match. But be very careful not to set your clothes on fire."

So Malleville took the match and applied it very carefully to the birch bark which was under the wood, and very soon the bark began to blaze. She was very much pleased to see a fire burning which she herself had kindled. In fact both she and Phonny were in excellent humor, and they pursued exactly the right course for continuing so. Malleville would always yield to Phonny's judgment in respect to what it was best to do, and Phonny would yield to Malleville's wishes, and allow her to have her own way, in the doing of it. This is always the

Malleville tastes the sap. She condemns it. Phonny's opinion.

proper way when older and younger children are playing together.

As soon as the fire appeared to be decidedly burning Malleville and Phonny took their spoons and began tasting of the sap, dipping a little out of the kettle for this purpose. Malleville said that it did not taste sweet at all. It was nothing but water. Phonny said there was a little sweetness in it, but he did not expect that it would be very sweet until it was boiled. The boiling would make it sweet. So they unharnessed the dogs and set them at liberty, and then taking the hand sled with the stakes in it, and the saw, they went along the banks to get a load of wood.

Phonny found that the saw was much better for his purpose than the hatchet would have been, for he could reach up with it very conveniently and saw off the dead and dry branches of the trees. He got a large load ready before a great while. Phonny sawed the limbs off, and Malleville brought them and put them upon the sled.

With this wood they kept their fire burning finely for some hours, until almost all the water of the sap was boiled away, and what remained became a very rich and sweet syrup, like hot

The syrup gradually disappears. The end of the boiling.

honey. They kept tasting of it continually as it grew sweeter, taking out a little for this purpose with their spoons and cooling it in their saucers. Finally they concluded to put some of it upon their bread, and they found it very excellent. In fact the thicker and sweeter it became, the more they ate, until at last Phonny looking into the kettle, said in a tone of great despondency, "Why, Malleville, our maple sugar is almost all eaten up."

Malleville looked in herself, and it was very obvious that what Phonny said was true. They finally concluded that since it was so nearly gone they would eat the rest of it, and postpone making any maple-sugar *to save*, until the next day.

So they spread what syrup remained upon the slices of bread, and ate it, and then hiding the things all under the box that they might be ready the next day, they called Franco and Tom and went home.

Before they set out on their return home, Malleville had proposed to Phonny that they should go around to the trees and collect the sap again, by pouring it from the bottles into the pail; since Beechnut had told them that they must collect it twice a day, or else the

The children return over the bridge. Opening in the ice.

bottles would get more than full. But Phonny was tired, and he did not feel inclined to work any more with the sap that day. He did not believe, he said, that the bottles would get full.

As the children were going over the bridge which leads across the brook, on their way home, they stopped a moment to look down upon the ice, leaning over the railing of the bridge to see it. There was an open place in the ice near the shore, and Phonny and Malleville could see the water. The opening had been made that day, by the sun and by the flow of the water beneath the ice.

"See! see!" said Phonny, as soon as he saw the water. "The ice is beginning to go away."

The open place was quite large, and there was a shelving mass of ice projecting over a part of it, from the shore.

"Wait a minute," said Phonny, "and I will get a stone and throw down upon that ice, and break it in."

So he brought a large stone, half as large as his head, and lifting it over the railing he threw it down upon the sheet of ice. The ice was broken down by the blow, and sank into the water with a great crash.

Just then Malleville happened to see a lady coming down the road toward the bridge.

"Here comes my aunt Henry," said she And then leaving Phonny she ran to meet Mrs. Henry. Mrs. Henry took hold of her hand and came down with her to the bridge.

"See, mother!" said Phonny, pointing to the open part of the brook.

"Yes," said Mrs. Henry, "that looks quite like spring. It has melted a great deal to-day. It was so warm and pleasant that I thought I would come down and see you. Besides, I wanted to see if the ice on the river is strong, where you go to get your sap."

Phonny told her that it was very strong indeed—though in fact he had no means of knowing any thing about it. He then gave his mother an account of their sugar making operation—how they had built their fire, and then collected their sap, and drawn it to their encampment by means of the dogs—also, how sweet and honey-like the sap became by the boiling, and how they had eaten it all upon their bread. He ended the whole narrative by saying,

"But we are going to make some more for you to-morrow."

Mrs. Henry then asked the children if they had got any more sap collected, and Phonny explained to her that as they were tired when they finished their boiling, they had not gone up again to pour out the sap which had run into the bottles since they first collected it. He did not think, he said, that the bottles would get full before the next morning, "and besides," he added, "perhaps we shall come down this afternoon and collect it."

After this they all went home. They were obliged to select their way very carefully, as they walked, as there were little streams of water running in every direction along the roads, produced by the melting of the snow. They reached home, however, at length in safety, just before dinner time.

Phonny found that he had no inclination to go down in the afternoon and collect his sap. He got engaged in other occupations and pleasures, and besides, after eating so large a quantity of maple syrup as he had had that morning, his interest in sugar making and in every thing that pertained to it, had very much abated, though there was every reason to believe that it would come back again when his appetite should return.

After tea that night, just before sunset, as Phonny was sitting on the steps of a door which led into a certain room or compartment in the barn where sleighs and sleds were kept on store during the summer, Beechnut came in and began to work upon a sleigh which was standing there. He was taking it apart for the purpose of storing it more compactly. It was a handsome sleigh used only for pleasure riding, and the snow was now so far gone that no more pleasure riding was to be expected for that season. Phonny was making a windmill. He had before, some time in the course of the afternoon, given Beechnut an account of the sugar-boiling, similar to the one which he had given to his mother on the bridge. As he sat now making his windmill, he was musing on the pleasant time that he and Malleville had had upon the beach, and on the success that they had met with in their first experiment.

"Don't you think Beechnut," said he, at length, "that we managed pretty well, in our sap-boiling?"

"*Pretty* well," said Beechnut.

"I think we managed very well," said Phonny.

"You managed very well in all respects but

Beechnut's opinion of Phonny's management.

one," replied Beechnut, "and in that you managed very badly."

Phonny supposed that Beechnut referred to their having eaten all their manufacture, in the state of syrup, without waiting for it to turn into sugar. He paused a moment and then said,

"Yes, I told Malleville that we ought to have saved some of it for my mother."

"Oh I don't mean that," said Beechnut. "I think you did very well to eat it all up while you were making it."

"Why?" asked Phonny. He was surprised to hear such an opinion as this expressed.

"Because you secured all the sweetness of the sap very effectually, and put it where it would do the most good, that is, into your and Malleville's mouths. I'm always glad, when children are making candy, to have the boiling all eaten with spoons, directly from the kettle. It attains the end very perfectly and saves an infinite deal of trouble."

"Then where was our bad management?" asked Phonny.

"In not going and collecting the fresh sap before you came home," replied Beechnut.

"Why, we were going down this afternoon," said Phonny.

"And have you been down?" said Beechnut.

"Why—no—" said Phonny. "I was too tired."

"And now I suppose," replied Beechnut, "that some of the bottles are full, and running over, and they will continue to run over all night. No matter how tired you were, you ought to have taken your pail and have gone around to all the trees, and emptied all the bottles, and then have carried the pail and put it safely under the bench. Then to-morrow morning you would have had a double supply, for the bottles will all be full again by that time. I advise you to go and do that now."

"It is too late to go now," said Phonny.

"No," said Beechnut. "The sun is half an hour high, and you could go and do the whole business in a quarter of an hour. It will be some trouble to go, but it will not be half trouble enough."

"What do you mean by that?" said Phonny

"Why, it will not be trouble enough," replied Beechnut, "to punish you properly for having neglected to do it at the proper time. When you are a man, if you manage your business in such a way as that, you will get every thing behind-hand and in disorder. You had better

learn energy and decision while you are a boy."

Phonny knew that this was very good advice, and that all which Beechnut had said was true. He was however so much interested in his windmill, and he was moreover so unwilling to go away to that solitary shore alone, that he concluded to let the sap run. He did not think many of the bottles would get full, and besides, he would go down the first thing in the morning. Malleville, he said, could go with him then.

He did not, however, feel satisfied or happy. The image of the bottles full to overflowing, with the sap running down the sides and falling upon the snow or among the leaves and moss which covered the ground, came continually into his mind, and caused him a degree of mental discomfort and pain wholly disproportionate to the importance of the cause. The influence did not in fact cease to operate after he went to sleep. It troubled his dreams. He dreamed that he was sitting in a wood, alone, upon a mossy log, and that he began to see drops oozing from the leaves and branches of the trees around him, and falling upon the ground. They continued to fall drop, drop, drop, all around

him, until they made pools of water, and little streams, which rose higher and higher, and spread more and more, until the whole ground was covered with water currents, which moved incessantly in every direction, in whirlpools and eddies. He tried to get up and go away, but he could not move. He tried to call for help, but he could not make any sound with his voice. The water increased more and more. The air became full of bottles with water mysteriously streaming out of them, and hollow reeds appeared here and there spouting jets in every direction. The water rose around the log where Phonny was sitting, and he began to be in an agony of terror, lest he should be overwhelmed and drowned. In the desperate struggles which he made to break from the mysterious restraint that held him down, or to call for help, he at length awoke, and found to his inexpressible relief, that it was all a dream.

There were two causes, it is probable, which concurred in producing this alarming phantasm in Phonny's sleep. His conscience, disturbed by the thought of having neglected a plain and obvious duty, had some influence, no doubt;—but its power to produce these frightful images, was undoubtedly very much increased by the

fact that the quantity of maple syrup which he had eaten that day, rather exceeded the limits within which such indulgences ought generally to be confined.

The sugar making operations of Phonny and Malleville were at last brought to a sudden termination, in a somewhat singular manner. One afternoon after they had been boiling sap for two or three hours, they were surprised to hear the supper-bell ringing, when they supposed that not much more than half the afternoon was gone. They thought that they should not have time to get their things together and take them home, and so they concluded to leave them as they were, on the beach, and come down and get them after tea. Phonny thought it was best not to leave the spoons, as they were of silver, so he wrapped them hastily in a paper and put them in his pocket. He put the saucers in the tin pail, and shut the cover down, and put the pail on the sled, so as to be sure that he could find it in case it should be a little dark when he came down after it. The saw he took in his hand. Having made these arrangements and preparations he and Malleville walked fast to the house.

Disastrous effects of a freshet. A question unsettled.

After supper he found that it was raining a little, and so he concluded to leave all the things where they were until the morning. It was certain that there would be no boys playing about there in the rain, he thought. When he went to bed that night, he heard it raining very hard. He went to the window the first thing in the morning, and, behold, there was a great freshet. The river had risen very high, the ice had all been broken up; great cakes of it, of every size and form, were sailing down the stream, grinding and crushing one another as they went on. The river-stone at the point was wholly under water. A few days afterward, when the water subsided, Phonny went down to the beach, and found that every thing which he had left there had been swept away, except the iron kettle and the chain, which were lying on the beach half imbedded in the sand. Every thing else had been carried away down the stream. Whether any boys, on the banks of the river below, saw them and drew them to the shore by means of harpoons, or whether they went on down to the mouth of the river, and out to sea, Phonny never know.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

WHILE Malleville was at Franconia, and before the snow had entirely gone from the garden and fields about the house, Arthur and some of the other village boys, formed a plan of going up into the woods and making an encampment. The time fixed upon for this expedition, was Saturday afternoon. The reason for deciding upon this particular day, was because Beechnut was always at liberty at that time, and they wished to have him to accompany them. Mr. Henry thought that a boy of Beechnut's age ought not to be kept all the time at work. He accordingly allowed him the Saturday afternoon as a regular holyday. Beechnut could play on that afternoon, or go away on excursions, or fish, or go to his room and draw,—or, in a word, do any thing that he pleased, except to continue his work. Sometimes he would have preferred to continue his work, but Mr. Henry did not allow him to do so. It will be better for him, he reasoned, to

have some time which he will be obliged to devote to other occupations. To work *all* the time, will destroy his spirit and vivacity, and make him dull and lifeless. Besides, he will work the rest of the week with more energy, and consequently to better advantage, if he has half a day on Saturday to play.

Beechnut accordingly had the Saturday afternoons at his own disposal, and though he sometimes spent them alone, and at other times in going on excursions of various kinds with Phonny, he was very frequently engaged in general plans of amusement, in which many of the village boys were included. The village boys were always very glad to have him with them, he was so fertile in expedients, and so ingenious in devising plans,—and withal so good-natured and accommodating in his disposition, that any enterprise and any scheme of enjoyment, went off more pleasantly and prosperously if he were one of the party. In fact, he generally assumed the whole charge of all the arrangements, in all cases where any thing like a supervision was necessary, and the boys submitted very readily to his rule.

One secret of Beechnut's success in securing the obedience and submission of the boys, was

His influence over the boys. His means of securing it.

giving them all plenty of employment. He would create offices for them without number, so as to give them all, especially the most forward and active of them, plenty to do. There was a certain boy named Parker, who was of a somewhat proud and independent spirit, and consequently not very much disposed to submit to authority. Beechnut usually gave him some military command, and called him general, and then issued his orders to him in a very decided and military tone, like a king giving orders to the commander-in-chief of his armies. Parker would in such cases generally obey very readily, feeling quite exalted in view of the dignity of the office which he held.

Beechnut also always took special care of the little boys, giving them something to do which pleased them, and made them feel as if they too were of some consequence, as well as larger boys. Thus his plans and arrangements included both great and small, and consequently, in the execution of them, all parties were contented and happy.

Beechnut was no republican. He *knew* that he was superior to all the other boys, in power to plan wisely and to execute energetically. He never, therefore, made any proposals to

them to choose a leader, nor offered to take turns in the command, nor did any thing in any way to provide for any division of authority, or any sharing of it with others. He always assumed it wholly himself, and went forward in the exercise of it with so much energy, promptness, and decision, that the other boys always acquiesced, without making any opposition. In fact they considered it a matter of course that Beechnut was always to take the lead.

Accordingly, when the boys came, two or three of them together, to propose to Beechnut that they should go up into the woods and encamp, the next Saturday afternoon, he said in reply,

"Yes; I should like that very much. Give notice to all the boys that are going, to meet here at one o'clock, and I will organize them. They must bring their sleds, and every boy must bring as much as he will want to eat, himself, and no more."

"What shall they bring?" said Arthur.

"Just what they please," replied Beechnut—"cooked or not cooked. If it is not cooked, we can cook it in the woods by our camp fire. Every boy must wrap up his ration in a

A quarter-master. Captain of the guard. Rendezvous.

piece of paper, and write his name upon the outside. I shall appoint a quarter-master to take care of the stores when you get here. Is Parker going?"

"Yes," said Arthur; "he wants to go."

"Well, tell him to get a company ready, and to have them all armed and equipped, for an advance-guard, or a rear-guard. He may take such boys as he chooses, but not more than four. Who has got some flags?"

"I have got two," said Arthur.

"And Phonny has got one," said Beechnut. "That will be enough. Bring your two flags, and tell the boys to be sure and be here before one o'clock."

The boys having received these instructions went away.

The next Saturday, the boys began to assemble long before the time appointed, so highly interested were they in the expedition. Beechnut conducted them, when all had arrived, to the great gateway behind the house, which led to the pasture road, as this was a convenient place for organizing the expedition.

He then proceeded to make the arrangements which he had previously determined upon in his own mind. He appointed Parker com-

mander-in-chief of the forces, and directed him to call out his men, and arrange them two and two for a rear-guard. He then said that he must have a corps of pioneers, that is, men to go before and prepare the way, so far as any preparation might be necessary, and remove any difficulties and obstructions which might hinder the progress of the expedition. He appointed Arthur to command this corps, and asked him to choose four good strong, able-bodied boys to go with him on this service. Arthur selected the boys, called them aside, and marshaled them two and two in order of march.

"Now for the quarter-master's department," said Beechnut.

Saying this, he looked around among the boys that were left, in order to select from them in his own mind, one who appeared the strongest and most active, for quarter-master. The name of the boy whom he fixed upon was Golf. Golf was a large and somewhat clumsy boy, and though good-natured and accommodating in spirit and in character, he was not a very great favorite among the other boys. This was partly on account of a certain roughness in his appearance and manners, which was not very

agreeable, though it was generally quite harmless in its effects.

Golf had accordingly not been chosen, either by Arthur for a pioneer, or by Parker for one of the rear-guard, and he looked as if he felt a little neglected. This confirmed Beechnut in his determination to make him quarter-master.

"We want,"—continued Beechnut, looking around upon the boys who were left, as if making a selection,—"we want now a good capable boy for quarter-master. He must take care of all the stores and provisions. He and his assistants will have plenty of hard work to do in hauling the baggage trains, and so they must be capable men. Golf, I appoint you quarter-master. Choose now from the boys that are left, four good men for assistants.

Golf seemed highly pleased with his appointment, and looking around with a scrutinizing eye, he chose four assistants. There were now three boys left, the three smallest. Phonny was one. The names of the other two were James and Jeremiah.

"That is right," said Beechnut. "These three are the standard-bearers."

So he gave the flags to the three small boys, and appointed them their stations. James was

to march with the pioneers, and Phonny with the rear-guard. The third boy, Jeremiah, was to march in the center of the column, directly before Beechnut himself.

Beechnut then directed the quarter-master to send two of his men with one of the sleds back to the barn to obtain and bring two or three buffalo skins, which he told him he would find hung up there. Golf was to take them down, fold them up carefully in a square form, and lash them upon the sled with a cord, and then come back to the rendezvous.

"I'll go myself," said Golf.

"No," said Beechnut, "you must obey the orders; send two of your men. I have got other work for you to do."

So Golf designated two of his men for the required service, and they went away toward the barn.

"Now," said Beechnut, addressing Golf again, "send another man into the yard near the house, and there, under the great apple-tree, he will find a sled with a box fastened upon it; let him bring it here."

Golf accordingly sent a messenger for this sled. As soon as he returned with it, Beechnut directed all the boys to carry the parcels

containing their provisions to Golf in order that he might put them in this box, packing them all safely. Golf performed the duty of receiving and stowing these parcels with great zeal and fidelity, and by the time this work was completed the other boys came back with the sled and the buffaloes. Then Beechnut said he believed that they were all ready to be formed in order of march. He accordingly stationed the pioneers along the road in a column two by two, with their captain at the head, and the standard-bearer in the middle. Then came Beechnut himself, with Jeremiah his standard-bearer. Next came the quarter-master's department, with the loaded sleds. Each sled was drawn by two men. Golf himself marched at the head of them, and was to assist in going up steep ascents, or in surmounting any other obstructions or difficulties which might occur on the way. After the quarter-master and the train of baggage, came the rear-guard, with Parker at the head of them. Thus the column was formed.

When all was ready Beechnut took out a small brass hunting horn from his pocket.

"This is my trumpet," said he. "Whenever I blow one short blast, it is a signal for you to

The signals.	Halt.	Advance.	Retreat.

stop. If I blow two blasts, it means that you must march on. If I blow one long blast, it means that you must all come together to my standard, wherever it is. I shall have occasion to blow the long blast when you are scattered about in the woods, after we get to our encampment, and I want to call you together again If I blow a great many short blasts, it means that you must retreat. You can remember it because it sounds like people running. If I blow these blasts very quick and short, it means that the enemy is close upon us, and you must run for your lives.

"Now let us see," continued Beechnut, "whether you remember. What does one short blast mean?"

"Halt," said the boys.

"Two?" said Beechnut.

"March on," said the boys.

"A long blast?" said Beechnut.

"Assemble." "Meet." "Come to you,' said the boys, answering variously.

"And a great many short blasts?" said Beechnut.

"We must run for our lives," said the boys.

"Very well," said Beechnut. "And now we will begin."

Malleville at the window. The column moves on. Signals.

So saying, he put the trumpet to his lips and blew the signal for marching, which consisted of two short sounds, and immediately the long column put itself in motion, the pioneers advancing at the head, and the rest following in regular order. The standard-bearers waved the banners in the air.

Malleville had been watching all this process of organization from one of the windows of the house. Phonny invited her to join the party when it was first formed, but she said she did not like to go with all those boys. She however took a great interest in the plan and in all the arrangements; and after the column was formed and commenced its march, she watched it as it went up the pasture road, following the long procession with her eyes until it passed around the foot of the precipice, and the last soldier of the rear-guard had disappeared.

The command had a great variety of adventures on their way up into the woods. Beechnut several times blew his trumpet to stop the column on one pretext or another, and then, after a moment's pause to let the men rest, he would blow the signal for an advance, and so put the column in motion again. He would stop too very frequently at points where

there was something remarkable in the spot itself, or in the scenery around it, and calling the place by some distinguished name which the boys had been familiar with in their geographies, he would call for three cheers in honor of it, which the boys would give with great energy, waving their caps in the air and making the woods and hills around ring with their vociferations. Thus he kept his company in a state of continual animation and excitement all the way.

When they reached the woods, Beechnut chose a place for the encampment in the margin of a grove of trees, where there was a small opening looking toward the south and west. The sun shone into this opening very pleasantly. Beechnut began at once to make preparations for building the fire, and set the boys at work collecting logs, and sticks, and fragments of decayed stumps and roots, from the vicinity. This was a somewhat difficult task, as the logs, and fragments of stumps, were often partly enveloped in snow and frozen down. Nearly all of the boys engaged in the work with great alacrity. Parker, however, who very often felt above employing himself in any useful labor, did not seem inclined to do his share. He walked away very independently and took his

seat upon a rock that was near, together with another younger boy named Thomas, whose temperament and character were somewhat similar to his own, and there he sat quite at his ease.

"Parker," said Golf, at length, in a somewhat rude and complaining tone, "why don't you come and help us get some wood. Do you think that all the rest of us are going to work for you?"

"Do you attend to your own business," said Parker, "and I will attend to mine."

Golf then came to Beechnut and complained of Parker's "laziness," as he termed it, and called upon Beechnut to make him do his share of the work.

"No," said Beechnut, "never mind; if he is not willing to do his part, let him go. We can build a fire big enough for ourselves and for him too."

The boys looked at Parker and began to be very much dissatisfied with him, and he, perceiving that they were forming and expressing unfavorable opinions respecting his conduct, instead of being convinced that he was in the wrong and returning to his duty, only began to cherish unfriendly feelings against them in return.

"I'll let them know," said he to his companion, Thomas, "that I will do as I have a mind to.'

So saying, he rose from the seat where he had been sitting, and walked very deliberately toward the fire; for while these things had been taking place the boys had collected quite a little pile of fuel, and the quarter-master had kindled a blaze under one side of it. Parker accordingly walked to the fire with a very haughty and independent air, and taking the sled which had the buffalo skins upon it, he drew up to the best place before the fire, and sat down upon the buffaloes, which being folded up in a square form, like a bale, made a very soft and comfortable seat. Thomas, who had followed him, stood by his side.

"There!" said one of the small boys to Beechnut, who was at a little distance from the fire, gathering fuel, "now he has got all our buffaloes."

Golf looked toward Parker, and when he saw what he had done, he exclaimed gruffly,

"Get off of that sled, Parker, and let me have those buffaloes—I'm quarter-master."

Parker made no reply. In fact he took no notice of Golf, whatever.

By this time a general feeling of excitement

and indignation was beginning to manifest itself among the whole party. Beechnut perceiving that the case was becoming somewhat serious, went to the fire, followed by the other boys.

"Parker," said he, "have you taken your seat upon that bundle of buffaloes to prevent our having them?"

Parker did not answer.

"We brought those buffaloes up here," continued Beechnut, "to spread upon the snow around our fire, to sit upon. We want them, and we have a right to them. You ought to get up and give them to us."

"Well," said Parker, "I will, by and by, when I have done warming my feet."

Thomas laughed a little, when Parker said this. The other boys looked perfectly grave.

Beechnut hesitated a moment, as if he were a little perplexed, and then he turned around to go away, saying, "Boys! come with me."

The boys all followed him excepting Thomas. He remained with Parker.

Beechnut led the boys off to a smooth and open part of the ground, where they could consult together, out of Parker's hearing. When he stopped, the boys gathered around him.

"Well, boys," said he; "we have got into a

difficulty. What do you think we had better do?"

The boys did not answer. At length one said, "I think he ought to give us our buffalo sk ns."

"Yes," said Beechnut; "that is very plain But what shall we do?"

No one seemed to know.

"There is one comfort for us," said Beechnut, "and that is that *we* have not done any thing wrong ourselves, yet; and we will try not to do any thing wrong. We will let the wrong be all on his side—the whole of it—from the beginning to the end. But what can we do that will be *right?*"

"We can take the buffaloes away from him,' said one of the boys.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "I think that would be right. We have a right to our own buffaloes. We can go and pull them away from under him, and tumble him out upon the ground."

"Yes," said several of the boys; "let us do that."

"Another plan;" continued Beechnut, "we can go and make him a prisoner, for a rebel as he is. He is spoiling our pleasures and robbing us of our property. We can go and seize

him and tie him to a tree, and keep him there a prisoner, until we are ready to go down; and then we can let him go."

"But Thomas would go and untie him," said Arthur.

"If he attempts to do that," replied Beechnut, "we can tie him too. There are enough of us, and we are strong enough, to tie them both."

"Well!" said a great many of the boys, "let us do that."

"There is another plan," said Beechnut. "We can all resolve that we will not speak a word to either of them all the afternoon. We can go back to the fire, and go on with our business, and pay no attention to them at all—not answer any of their questions, or speak to them, or pay any attention to them whatever."

Several of the more peaceable of the boys thought that this would be a good plan.

"There is one other plan," said Beechnut; 'and that is, to overlook the thing entirely. We can go back to the fire, and treat Parker and Thomas just as if nothing had happened, and as if they were both doing right; that is, get some hemlock branches to spread down upon the

snow, and leave Parker to sit upon the buffaloes as long as he pleases; and, in the mean time, talk to them both so far as there is any occasion, just as if nothing had happened."

Some of the boys preferred one plan, and some another. At last they asked Beechnut which they thought it was best for them to adopt.

"I think they are all good plans," replied Beechnut; "but I think the last is the best. At any rate, that is the one which we will adopt. Let us go back to the fire, and see who will be most good-natured, and act the most as if nothing had happened."

While the boys had been holding this consultation, Parker, from his seat upon the buffalo robes, had been watching them with great curiosity and interest. He knew very well that they were consulting respecting him, and wondered what measures Beechnut would decide to adopt. He felt self-condemned for his conduct, and was half inclined to get up and go away, leaving the property which he had so unjustly seized, to its rightful owners. He was on the point of doing this, in fact, when Beechnut and his party came to the end of their consultation, and began to advance toward the

fire; but Thomas put his good intentions to flight, by saying,

"There! they are coming to take the buffaloes away from you."

This declaration touched Parker's pride. He was resolved that they should not take the buffaloes away, if he could prevent it. So he kept his seat, and said to Thomas,

"I should like to see them try."

The boys came up to the vicinity of the fire, and there, without taking any special notice of Parker and Thomas, and without, on the other hand, exhibiting any appearance of a desire to avoid them, went to work breaking off the small branches from the spruce and hemlock trees around, and strewing them upon the ground and upon the snow, on the windward side of the fire. Parker watched this operation a minute or two, until he saw what the boys were doing, and inferred from it that they had decided to leave him to himself, and then he began to feel that he had placed himself in a very foolish and ridiculous position.

He was greatly perplexed to know what to do. To continue to sit where he was, all the time, seemed very awkward and absurd. To get up and go to work helping the boys strew

hemlock branches on the ground appeared, if possible, more absurd still. He thought of simply getting up and going away from the sled of buffaloes; but there was no particular place to go to, and nothing particular to do. While he was in the midst of these perplexities, Beechnut, looking around upon the carpet of branches and boughs which the boys had made, said, in a tone of satisfaction,

"There! that will do very well. Now, quarter-master, go to the baggage train and get out the rations, and let your assistants distribute them to the men."

The paper parcels were accordingly taken out of the box, and by dint of a great deal of going to and fro, and calling of different names, delivered to their respective owners. The scene was, in fact, very much like that of the distribution of the trunks and baggage on the arrival of a train of cars at a city rail-road station. In the midst of the distribution, Golf came toward the fire with Parker's parcel in his hand. Thomas had gone to the box to procure his. Golf approached saying,

"Here, Parker, here is your ration."

Receiving his ration under these circumstances, made Parker feel worse instead of bet-

ter. The boys gathered around the fire and began to open their parcels. Some took out apples and put them down before the fire to roast. Others made holes in the embers, and put in potatoes which they had brought with them, and then covered them over again. Some began to toast their bread; and one boy had a small pie in a tin pan, which his mother, as she happened to be making pies that day, made up for him just before he came away. He said that he was going to bake it, if he could only find a place for an oven.

Parker felt very uncomfortable and ill at ease. Presently he watched his opportunity, when he thought the boys were not observing him particularly, and rising from his seat, assuming all the time as careless and unconcerned an air as possible, he began to saunter away.

Presently he came back to the fire in another direction, and sat down among the boys. They answered him when he spoke, and spoke to him themselves occasionally, acting toward him in fact precisely as if nothing had happened. He himself had a great mind to tell them that they might have their buffaloes, but he was a little ashamed to speak of the subject. He hoped that when they saw that he had abandoned

them, they would take them themselves, of their own accord.

In a few minutes, however, Beechnut seeing that Parker had left the sled, said,

"Parker, have you done with those buffaloes?"

"Yes," said Parker, hanging his head.

"Well, boys, then we will take them and spread them upon these boughs to make softer seats for us."

But the boys said that the seats were soft enough, and they decided that they would make a throne for Beechnut with them. So they went to the box in which the provisions had been brought up, took it off from the sled, and placed it upon its side against a small tree near the fire. They spread the buffaloes upon this seat, and insisted that Beechnut should have it for his throne.

Things being thus arranged, the boys went on with the work of preparing their dinners or warming their feet by the fire, while Beechnut sat upon his throne and amused them by inventing and relating to them various entertaining stories. The trees sheltered them from the wind, and yet, as the place was open toward the south, the sun shone in upon them, making

the encampment very warm and pleasant, independently of the influence of the fire.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

The difficulty with Parker was gradually forgotten, and the boys enjoyed themselves very much in preparing and eating their dinners Parker joined with them by degrees in the conversation, but he did not, as he ought to have done, freely acknowledge that he had done wrong. If he had thus acknowledged his fault, all unpleasant thoughts connected with the affair would soon have been forgotten.

As it was, however, the afternoon passed away very pleasantly, until at length the time came for packing the baggage again and setting out on the return home. The boys were somewhat dispersed when Beechnut decided to return, many of them having gone into the woods in the neighborhood of the encampment. Beechnut blew a long blast with his horn, to call them together, and then gave the necessary orders for packing the baggage and preparing to march.

"And now," said he, "I suppose I must appoint a new captain of the guard, for my old captain has rebelled and deserted."

"No," said Parker, "I have not deserted."

"Why, suppose an officer refuses to obey orders, and leaves the ranks, don't you think he is a deserter, even though he does not go away, but remains loitering about the company?'

"I don't know," said Parker, hesitatingly. "I'm not a deserter."

"Are you willing to be tried?" said Beechnut. "If you are willing to be tried, we'll have a court-martial."

"Yes, yes," said all the boys, "let us have a court-martial."

Parker refuses to be tried by a court-martial. He is dismissed.

"No," replied Parker, moodily. "I am not going to be tried."

"Very well," said Beechnut. "Then you are dismissed. You cannot join any of our parties again till you have been tried by a court-martial for this rebellion."*

Although Parker was not on this occasion condemned and punished by a court, he nevertheless did not wholly escape; for on going home, he met with a singular accident, which was a species of punishment for his misdemeanors, brought about by the natural operation of cause and effect. The circumstances were these:—

In returning home, the boys took a different course from the one by which they had as-

* After this Parker found himself excluded for several weeks from all the excursions and parties of pleasure which Beechnut and the boys formed on Saturday afternoons. For a time he said he did not care for this, but at last he got tired of his exclusion and solitude, and finally one afternoon when the boys were going a sailing in a great flat-bottomed boat which Beechnut had fitted up for them, Parker said that if they would let him go he would submit to trial. An account of this excursion, and of Parker's trial, conviction and punishment, is given in the next volume of this series, entitled Wallace

cended to the woods, and on their way they came to a brook which was pretty broad, and quite deep, with steep banks on either hand. They expected to have crossed this brook upon the ice, but when they came to it, they found water along the margin on each side, and other indications that the ice was not strong. Beechnut tried it with a pole. So did Parker. Beechnut said that he thought it was strong enough, but he was not sure, and he thought they had better make a bridge. Parker said he knew it was strong enough, and none but cowards would be afraid to go over it.

"Go over it yourself, then," said Golf, "and let us see."

"No," replied Parker. "I am going to wait and see if you will be fools enough to build a bridge. Then I will go over it, to let you see what fools you are."

Beechnut made no reply to this vainglorious taunt; but selecting two trees which grew near the bank, he began to cut into the stem of one of them near the ground, with a view of felling it across the stream. He had an axe, for, according to his usual custom, when he went into the woods, he had brought one up ashed to one of the sleds. As the work of fell-

ng the tree proceeded, all the boys except Parker took part in the labor, each in his turn. Parker sat upon a log near by, making sarcastic remarks to ridicule what he called the folly of making the boys work so hard to build a bridge, when the ice was strong enough, as he said, to bear up a load of hay.

The boys went on, however, patiently and perseveringly with their work. The trees were felled across the stream and rolled together, and the whole company, except Parker, passed over upon the bridge which was formed by them. The sleds were drawn over upon the ice by Golf, the quarter-master, he himself walking over, as he drew them, upon the bridge.

Parker, then, with a careless and unconcerned air, stepped down upon the ice a little way above the bridge. It settled a little, and the water at the sides rose over the edges of it. It seemed, however, strong enough to bear him.

"There!" said he, "I told you so."

Beechnut and the boys stood upon the opposite bank, looking on with curiosity and interest

"What fools we were to make a bridge!" said Beechnut.

"Yes," said Parker; "I told you so. See!" said he, stepping along at the same time toward

the middle of the brook, "it would bear a loaded team." He took one step more, which brought him very near the other bank. "See!" said he; and he began to spring up and down a little upon the ice, by way of showing how strong it was.

"Look out!" said Beechnut.

The caution came too late. The ice, though it perhaps would have borne Parker, if he had walked gently and carefully over it, was not in a mood to bear such tampering as this. It suddenly gave way, all together, and down Parker went all over, in the midst of the dark, cold and icy waters.

The water was not more than breast high, but as Parker fell, in going down, he went wholly in, and was entirely submerged. Beechnut ran to the bank. "Boys," said he, in a very loud and earnest tone, "catch hold of my arms; quick!"

So saying, he lay down upon the bank, at the edge of it, with his face downward, reaching out his arms upon the snow for the boys to grasp hold of. He crept backward in this position till his legs reached to the water. Parker came strangling and struggling out of the water, and finding Beechnut's heels among the ice,

Beechnut's mode of getting Parker out of the water.

he grasped one of them convulsively with all his force.

"Now, pull away, boys!" said Beechnut, "pull away! all together! hearty! Ahead with her, boys! ahead with her!"

THE RESCUE.

The boys grasping Beechnut by the arms, the head, and the shoulders, and by every other part in fact which would afford them any hold, dragged Beechnut, and after him Parker, out upon the snow—Parker struggling all the time in convulsions of terror and of desperate effort

to make good his hold upon Beechnut, and upon the arms of the boys who reached down to assist him as he came up the bank, and Beechnut being nearly equally helpless in convulsions of laughter. As soon as they were both fairly landed they scrambled up, Parker half choked and strangled with the water.

"Now," said Beechnut, "here you are, half a mile from home, and drenched in all this ice water. You must go to work now to keep yourself warm, or you will catch cold and die of consumption in less than three weeks. You have got to run for your life; but we will keep you company. Run, boys!" he continued, starting at the same time himself, "run for your lives! The enemy is upon us. Quarter-master, hold on to the baggage and run."

The boys were not very slow in obeying their commander, but ran down along the bank of the brook, Parker at the head, filling the air as they went with shouts and peals of laughter. Beechnut ran with them, every now and then raising the horn to his lips, and blowing a succession of blasts, short and quick as possible the signal for retreat, and in alternation with these blasts of the trumpet, calling out in loud

Vociferations and laughter. The boys return home.

vociferation, "Run, boys, run! The enemy is upon us, run for your lives!"

Parker took the nearest road which led to the village, and made the best of his way home The rest of the boys went down to Beechnut' barn, where, after laughing with scarcely any cessation for nearly a quarter of an hour, they put the sleds, and tools, and buffalo skins all carefully away, and then went home.

THE END

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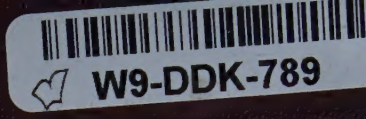
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